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OSGOOD'S STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.*

This very able and interesting volume is, for the most part, a republication, in a collected form, of articles contributed at different times to the North American Review, the Bibliotheca Sacra, the Christian Examiner, and the Monthly Religious Magazine. The author states in his modest and pleasing Preface, that he was first led to prepare the materials of the work by the belief "that the study of Christian history was much neglected, and that he might be of service, especially to the young people of his parish, by calling attention to the lives and labours of the leaders of Christian thought and action." He also calls attention to the fact, that the different papers, having been prepared for different occasions and addressed to different circles of readers or hearers, naturally vary in style and character, some being of a more elaborate, and others of a more popular cast. This variety of treatment he has not attempted to remove. By the generality of readers, the more popular will perhaps be read with more interest than the more elaborate papers. The first five articles are of the latter order, carefully but eloquently treating of the lives and writings of three celebrated Fathers of the ancient church,—Augustine, Chrysóstom and Jerome.

To review reviews is not a very satisfactory or intelligible undertaking, since it is essential to the true character of a review that it be founded on a substantial work. Like a speech at the bar, its proper aim is to explain evidence. Comments upon comments are apt to be rather frothy and unprofitable, unless we have the evidence before us. But to go through the evidence on which our author has founded his articles, thus doing his work over again in our own fashion, would require another volume instead of a brief review. We can therefore do little more than express our opinion in general terms on the manner in which Mr. Osgood has executed his work, and extract a few of the many striking and original passages. One remark occurs to us, however, with reference to articles of review, when aiming at the character of didactic essays,—namely, that they necessarily assume the tone, not so much of instruction to those previously

* Studies in Christian Biography: or, Hours with Theologians and Reformers. By Samuel Osgood, Minister of the Church of the Messiah in New York. One Vol. Pp. 395. New York and Boston—Francis and Co.

unacquainted with the subject, as of a commentary addressed to those to whom the evidence is known. A reviewer, to have any definite aim at all, must do one of two things; he must either address himself to the correction or refutation of the positions of his author, implying some previous knowledge in those for whom he writes, or, what is now not uncommon, he must attempt to make his article a distinctly instructive treatise on the subject under review. Even in the latter case, however, he is apt to feel that he is showing off, as it were, before competent critics. If he give lessons to novices, he does it, so to speak, with an evident consciousness of the presence of the initiated, and is thus apt rather to discourse brilliantly *about* his theme, than to instruct his readers *in* it. There appears to us at the present day to be too much writing and reading of reviews; and it has often struck us that much of the time now occupied with the showy and epigrammatic periods of the reviewer, might be bestowed, with great advantage, on the less pretending but far more substantial pages of the systematic writer. Mr. Osgood appears to have drawn his materials from a diligent study of the most approved sources of information, to many of which we have not access; but some of his subjects have led us to turn to our old-fashioned friend Dr. Lardner, and we confess that there is something very refreshing to us in the calm, deliberate, thorough and conscientious manner in which the latter sets before his readers, simply and plainly, without pretension or affectation, all the information that he can bring to bear upon his subject, after an evidently careful perusal of the original authorities. We make these observations merely in illustration of our opinion that the proper aims of a reviewer and of an elementary instructor are distinct and not easily compatible. Considered as articles of review, the elaborate papers in the volume before us are, we repeat, very superior, and, moreover, very eloquent and interesting specimens of the class to which they properly belong.

At the head of the first article, "Augustine and his Times," written in 1846, are placed Poujoulat's "Histoire de Saint Augustine," &c. (Paris, 1845), the Oxford "Library of Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church," &c., and Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Ancient Christianity and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts for the Times." After a brilliant and graphic representation of American society under the various influences received from Europe, our author naturally remarks on the apparent reaction taking place, amidst the forward tendencies of the age, in favour of the writings of Christian Antiquity. He adduces various signs which "prove that our nineteenth century, with all its bustling progress, is far more reverently retrospective than the eighteenth, far more disposed to unite memory with hope as guides of the world." After describing the powerful attempt of Mr. Isaac Taylor to counteract the efforts of the Oxford party by his un-

sparing exposure of the errors, weaknesses and follies by which the Fathers were characterized, he observes,

"To us his work is conclusive upon one point, that if the Christian Fathers are to be taken as authoritative guides, we must at once quit our common Protestant principles, believe in the sanctity of celibacy, the worth of relics, the magical power of the sacraments, and all of Popery except the doctrine of a supremacy of the Pope otherwise than as the primacy of honor. Mr. Taylor's book is interesting from its unity of purpose. He allows the champions of tradition to take their strongest ground among their strongest authorities, and then bears down upon the centre of their position with the force of a Nelson's attack or a Napoleon's charge. Undoubtedly by dwelling so much upon one point and with a purpose so hostile to the opposite party, he is in great danger of overlooking the true worth of the Fathers.

"It is therefore well for those who read his somewhat disheartening pages, to take a glance at the brighter side of the subject, and learn from the series of Translations before us, the Library of the Fathers, how much wisdom and piety they contain. Whatever may be thought of the Nicene theology, we must find much to respect in all these volumes. Of the authors here given, Augustine, Cyril of Jerusalem, Cyprian, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Tertullian, Gregory, Pacian, four or five stand out prominently as writers. No reader can deny that Tertullian is full of fire, or that Athanasius is mighty in argument, or that Chrysostom is eloquent, or Augustine profound. We could have wished that Clement and Origen had been included in these volumes, and have hope that their noble spirit and deep wisdom will give them a place ere long in the series. Yet we must remember that the chief favorites of the translators have not yet been represented; that of the choice three, Ambrose, Basil and Chrysostom, only the last has appeared in these volumes. Perhaps it is not wholly wrong, to desire that with specimens of the best works of the Nicene Fathers some of the worst had been also given, that we might judge of the age in its folly as well as its wisdom, and see what idle legends and degrading superstitions the wisest of them cherished, what monkish fanaticism Athanasius could eulogize, and what priestly miracles Augustine could credit."*

In this last sentence we heartily coincide with our author. We would counsel no undue neglect of the good thoughts and eloquent writings of Antiquity, or of the instruction to be derived from Ancient History; but we believe that the reverence for Antiquity in vogue with many, is a superstitious delusion,—that the world has been making progress for the better, in almost all respects, up to this day,—that no previous age of Christianity has been, on the whole, so pure or so full of hope as the present; and we confess to a much more warm and lively interest in scientific discovery, in the investigation of new truth, and in enlightened plans of social regeneration, than in fusty tomes of by-gone days. We acknowledge the historical interest of antiquarian lore, as an amusement for literary leisure and a gratification of

* Pp. 8, 9.

imaginative curiosity; but, when there is so much solid, useful work to be done in improving the busy and progressive Present, and in securing a still better and brighter Future, we have small patience for an indiscriminate worship of the Past. Chevalier Bunsen, in his admirable work on "Hippolytus and his Age," has lately revealed to us how full of scandal, vice and petty intrigue, as well as of ignorance and superstition, was the age of the venerated Fathers, and how little of the "quiet and wisdom" in which the students of antiquity delight, really existed in that ferocious and turbulent time. The men of the present day ought to be wiser and better than the men of yore. *Antiquitas sæculi est juventus mundi.* We must refer our readers to Mr. Osgood's own striking pages for the interesting Life of Augustine, which suggests the reflection that human nature is the same in all ages, and that the great work to be done is to bring it under happy and holy influences. His youth, as detailed in his Confessions, naturally suggests a reference to Rousseau. Here, however, we are willing to admit that the ancient Father soared far above the modern Philosopher. We must find room for the following remarks on Augustine's conversion from his early follies and excesses.

"He resolved to abandon vice, not so much in the spirit of the Gospel as of the Academy, not so much because vice is sinful as because it is degrading to the dignity of an intellectual being. Such considerations have little power in redeeming men of Augustine's mind and temperament. Philosophy has its place, and is good in its place. But it is not religion, nor has it by itself ever done much to make men turn from their sins. The best of the Greek sages could do little to bring men up to the noble ideal which they set forth. What Socrates, Plato and Zeno could not do, was not likely to be accomplished by the elegant Roman who repeated in his own way their ideas. Cicero, and such as he, may give some light, may set forth high aims, but can afford no vital warmth, no moving power, no divine sanctions, to lead men to follow the light and seek the high aims. Augustine soon found this out, for he was not lacking in shrewdness. His soul craved more substantial food than Cicero's beautiful speculations on the world and man, God and immortality. What Rousseau said of the inadequacy of philosophy, Augustine felt. The Numidian and the Frenchman were much alike in temperament, both having strong passions with deep sentiment, and both recording their lives in the most candid Confessions that have come to us. But the religion which the one dreamed of, the other found, although not without years of weary wandering and bitter disappointment. Without supernatural facts to rest upon in faith, philosophy is very vague and delusive, and they who accept the same nominal principles find practically little firm ground to rest upon in common. The soul of Augustine was like the wind-sown seed, borne about from place to place on its air-tossed pinions. Not until it rested upon the soil of the Christian vineyard did it take root and blossom."*

* Pp. 14, 15.

Our author notices the peculiar excellence of M. Poujoulat's work in the circumstance that he himself visited the scenes of Augustine's life and labours, and wrought them with great beauty into his narrative. The article concludes with a beautiful sketch of the state of his African home on the Mediterranean, and of the world in general, on which the Saint would now open his eyes, could he be awakened, like the fabled youths of Ephesus, from the sleep of ages. The reference to Dr. Channing, as a modern Pelagius, in the following extract, is happy and appropriate:

"In the pages of Channing he would think his old antagonist, Pelagius, revived, with renewed vigour, enlarged philosophy, and added eloquence. He might call this perhaps too fond champion of the dignity of man by the name, Pelagius,—like him in doctrine, like him, as the name denotes, a dweller by the sea. Who shall say how much the influences of position helped to form the two champions of human nature, the ancient Briton and the modern New-Englander, both in part at least of the same British race, both nursed by the sea-side, the one by the shores of Wales or Brittany, the other by the beach of Rhode Island. 'No spot on earth,' says Channing, 'has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within.'

"How long before the human soul shall reach so full a development, that faith and works, reason and authority, human ability and divine grace, shall be deemed harmonious, and men cease to be divided by an Augustine and Pelagius, or an Edwards and Channing? Although this consummation may not soon, if ever, be, and opinions may still differ, charity has gained somewhat in the lapse of centuries. Those who are usually considered the followers of Pelagius have been first to print a complete work of Augustine in America—his Confessions. The Roman Church, backed by imperial power and not checked by Augustine, drove the intrepid Briton into exile and an unknown grave. He who more than any other man wore his mantle of moral freedom in our age died, honored throughout Christendom, and the bell of a Romish cathedral joined in the requiem as his remains were borne through the thronged streets of the city of his home."*

In the second article, "on Augustine and his Works," our author thus speaks of his Confessions:

"We were never but once in society reminded of Augustine's fervent tone, and that was in conversation with a very humble person, who inherited the blood which the African sun warms into such fervor, and who, in the simplicity of Christian faith and gratitude, delighted to speak of a life extended to a century, in something of the same impassioned devotion that marks the confessions of the renowned Bishop of Hippo. It is undoubtedly the burning piety of this book, that has given Augustine so strong a hold upon Christian hearts in all ages, and

* Pp. 34, 35.

made his name precious to many who have little sympathy with his peculiar doctrines. He must be a man of cold heart and narrow mind, who will not rejoice at the progress of the writer's faith, bless his passage from the Manichean's deifying of evil and veiling of the true God in darkness, into the faith that regards evil as the perversion of created good, and looks to a benignant Deity made manifest through a Divine man, and calling the soul to relations of personal affection with himself."*

In connection with the Pelagian controversy, it is candidly observed,

— "that the emphasis with which Augustine urged the power of original sin and the need of divine grace, must have tended strongly to guard the Christian Church against some peculiar dangers, especially that of arrogant formalism and self-righteousness, and was needed, moreover, in an age of singular tumult and wickedness, to save the faithful from despair, and lead them to trust in a power whose grace is beyond human force or understanding. His system is liable to run into Antinomianism or the disparagement of good works, as Augustine saw that in some cases it did, although he denied that this was a just consequence, and rebuked the authors of the Antinomian movement, the monks of Adrumetum. It is but fair to say, that however differently we might infer from the nature of the case, those denominations of Christians who have inclined to the Augustinian school have been peculiarly strict in morals and zealous of good works, as has been the fact with the Jansenists and Calvinists of modern times. The sense of sin thus inculcated works mightily upon the soul, and when thus wrought upon, its energies always seem to move earnestly, and the very instincts of our nature act of themselves, little mindful of the dogma that denies free-agency. It is chiefly when the Augustinian doctrines are held loosely and in the decline of devout fervor, that their mischief appears and practical fatalism begins and Antinomianism rages; as the grape torn from its stem, ferments and becomes the intoxicating wine. The Pelagian doctrines, when held earnestly, tend to invigorate the powers and to enforce Christian faith with something of stoical energy. But when held without much earnestness, they tend to great laxity, not indeed to fierce fanaticism, but to merely worldly decency, a morality without faith and a religion without prayer. It is some cause of congratulation, that neither class of doctrines has prevailed exclusively in the world, in the Catholic or Protestant Churches, nor is likely so to prevail in time to come."†

In describing Augustine's great work, "De Civitate Dei," "an attempt at a philosophy of history on Christian principles," conceived and composed in the ruin of the Roman empire, our author draws a contrasting parallel between him and the historian Gibbon.

"Gibbon began his history when seated among the ruins of the capital, and 'amused and exercised' nearly twenty years of his life by a history unsurpassed for its brilliant genius and for its perverse spirit. The Bishop of Hippo in his beautiful see upon the shore of the Me-

* Pp. 38, 39. † Pp. 46—48.

diterranean, surrounded by monuments of Roman greatness, as he heard of the first shock of the power that was to make of the Roman empire a ruin, conceived a sublimer work, and devoted nearly as many years to its completion, with a learning more vast, (considering his age,) with a mind more lofty, a spirit far more pure. He wrote not in the elegant ease of a Lausanne retirement, but in the midst of pressing cares. Viewed even from this present age, there is good reason to regard the work of the great Christian theologian of the fifth century as proving him a better student of mankind, a truer prophet of the future, than the great skeptical historian of the eighteenth century. His work was not on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, but the Rise and Fall of Paganism and the rise and triumph of the City of God."*

Augustine's great work is also compared and contrasted with the Republic of Plato, by which Schlegel thought its plan had been suggested. Our author remarks of it, that "the treatise is a noble one, not, indeed, without its defects, but far in advance of his age, and, so far as true catholicity is concerned, far in advance of much of the theology of our own day." "It seems to us altogether in advance of that formalism of our time, which limits the power of Christianity so entirely to an official priesthood and their rites. It shews no trace of Popery as a hierarchical despotism."

We think that our author, in his notice of Augustine's works, might have dwelt, as an indication of character, on his "Retractationes," in which he reviewed his previous writings and acknowledged his mistakes, and which has been justly pronounced "one of the noblest sacrifices ever laid upon the altar of truth by a majestic intellect, acting in obedience to the purest conscientiousness."† We must not attempt to convey, with anything like completeness, our author's estimate of Augustine's character as a whole, in which he finds resemblances alternately to Butler, Swedenborg, Edwards, Baxter and Bacon. "As to intellect, he evidently had great acuteness and great breadth." "He was not destitute of imagination." "He was a man of strong sense" and "of great affection, engrossed by a prostrate reverence, tempered not a little sweetly by gentle charity." "He was a strict moralist, and in advance of the common Jesuitism of his age, which permitted the use of falsehood for promoting the good of the Church and the glory of God." He was a theologian rather than a scholar, and cannot be wholly claimed by either of the two great parties in the English Church. "Both claim him in the main, and both are afraid of something in his ways. The Churchman is afraid of his Puritan doctrines of sin and conversion; the Evangelical is afraid of his superstitious formalism; whilst the one praises his faithful Churchmanship, and the other his strict Evangelism." He "held very extreme

* Pp. 49, 50.

† Mr. J. M. Mackenzie, in Dr. W. Smith's Dictionary of Biography.

views regarding married life, and was very reluctant to mingle at all in female society. Had he associated more with women and children, or known the discipline of a true home, some features of his theology might have been spared the world."

The third article, "Chrysostom and the Ancient Pulpit," is devoted to "John of Antioch, surnamed, two centuries after his death, *Chrysostom*, or 'Mouth of Gold';" who, in his youth, was devoted to the profession of Law, with which, however, as practised at Antioch, he was disgusted; and, on the death of his mother, oppressed with a sense of his unworthiness, and indignant at the tyranny of the government, he retired to the neighbouring mountains, "there to commune with God and his own soul." The following will be read with interest and sympathy by those whose profession from youth has been, without intermission, that of a Christian preacher.

"This was no inappropriate education for a preacher. Six years of retirement and study, after twenty-seven years of life in a tumultuous city! Of these six years, four were spent under capable instructors in a monastery, and two in the solitude of a cave. Whether driven by the ill health induced by his ascetic practices, or by convictions of duty drawn from the Bible, which he never allowed to be laid aside for monkish legends, he returned to the city in the year 380, and was welcomed as a messenger from God to the church. Still he preferred privacy of life, and declined the honors which were offered him. For six years more he shrunk back from the position which his powers of eloquence entitled him to hold, and was content with fulfilling devotedly the lowest offices of the Christian ministry. He did not preach until his fortieth year. There is little reason to regret that the abilities of Chrysostom were so long in ripening; the fact explains his inexhaustible resources. He could preach every day, for weeks, without flagging in spirit or wanting material. He drew from a full fountain, unlike the many who are sorely tried by attempting to draw from cisterns that hold little or no water."*

Our author gives a rapid sketch of the life of Chrysostom, and dwells rather on the character of his preaching, which he describes as rich in illustrations, sometimes quaint and familiar, and eminently pointed and practical. "Take some ingredients from Latimer and some from Taylor, and we might form a compound not unlike Chrysostom."

"Every truth is covered, sometimes burdened, with imagery. Every duty is brought home to particular cases and consciences. He does not disdain the simplest comparisons that will help him in his work, and sometimes uses a redundancy of gorgeous figures, as if nature were taking her revenge on the ascetic for his contempt of her riches, and kindling in his literary taste a passion for splendor that was so sternly denied in his way of life. More frequently, however, he presents common truths in plain language, with the most obvious illustrations. He had evidently been a constant observer of nature, as well as a close

* P. 72.

student of the Bible. He was alike familiar with the beauties and the adaptations of creation, and, fond as he is of discoursing floridly of roses and lilies, the sea, mountains, and stars, he sometimes enters into minute statements of natural laws and of the wonderful anatomy of the human frame, that almost make us believe that we are reading an Oriental version of Paley, in spite of the occasional mistakes in the principles of science. The force and frequency with which he introduces passages of Scripture, or alludes to the personages of the Bible, their circumstances and characters, are enough to astound the most gifted of the old Scotch Covenanters. His quick perception of resemblances and rich fancy made him the unconscious master of a science of correspondences between things spiritual and natural, that throws the theoretic system of Swedenborg far into the shade. If he speaks of an irritable and of a peaceful spirit, he compares the one to a noisy street, and the other to a rural solitude, and gives a graphic picture of the two scenes. When he distinguishes the prayer of importunate selfishness from that of the Gospel meekness, the one, he says, is like a brawling scold, against whom the gate of heaven is shut; the other is an angel form that seraphs welcome to the throne of God. To care for riches and to neglect the soul is to be like children who laugh when the thief comes in and steals the real valuables of the house, and yet cry if he touches the least of their jingling trinkets. To neglect the soul and pamper the body is to clothe the mistress in sackcloth, and array the servant-maid in gold and jewels."*

There was a vast difference between the ancient and the modern notions of decorum in church. In this respect our Primitive Methodists come nearest to the ancient standard.

"The doctors at Oxford would be astounded at the difference between the ways of a congregation in that supposed golden age of church dignity, and their own dainty notions of cathedral quietude. The ancient audiences applauded freely whatever they liked in the preacher, and of course felt at liberty to show their disapprobation of what they disliked. Clapping, stamping, shouting, leaping, and the waving of light garments, were no unusual signs of applause; whilst tears, groans, and smiting the breast, indicated the compunction of the hearers. When Cyril was happy in an appeal, they cried, 'O orthodox Cyril! Gift of God!' When Chrysostom was unusually eloquent, waving their garments and plumes, and laying hands upon their swords, the people shouted, 'Worthy the priesthood! Thirteenth Apostle! Christ hath sent thee!'"†

Chrysostom, however, sometimes repelled with indignation the applause with which his sermons were greeted, exclaiming, "The place where you are is no theatre, nor are you sitting to gaze upon actors." After describing the earnest and practical, even if homely, applications of Chrysostom's sermons, our author justly remarks, that it would be folly to hold up the great orator of the ancient Church as in all respects a model for our own time, yet that his racy homilies might give useful hints towards the improvement of modern preaching.

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* Pp. 80, 81. † Pp. 83, 84.

The fourth and fifth articles form a very able and eloquent notice of the life, times and works of the great Catholic saint and learned scholar, Jerome, "the Christian Cicero," whom our author thus introduces:

"Rich as was the church of the fourth century in illustrious men who adorned imposing office with brilliant abilities; in princes like the imperial convert Constantine, who begun, and the more consistent Theodosius, who completed the union of the Church and State; in prelates indomitable as Athanasius, profound as Augustine, eloquent as Gregory and Chrysostom, and commanding as Ambrose and Basil; it is not to any of these titled dignitaries that Christendom in ages since has paid her most frequent honors. The Roman church, at least, has passed over this majestic array of princes and prelates with comparative indifference, and reserved her brightest aureola for an untitled scholar, who shrank alike from courts and councils, who refused the proffered mitre, and forbore to exercise even the office of priest. Whom can we mean but Jerome, the monk of Bethlehem? As a devotee he has perhaps been more honored by Catholics than any saint upon the calendar who has lived since the apostolic times, whilst as a scholar he has been ranked by all parties as chief in the ancient church. His spirit has haunted the visions of monks and nuns, and the imaginations of painters and sculptors. His kneeling form meets us in the gorgeous windows of the middle-age cathedrals, and in the rich miniatures of illuminated manuscripts. Who has not heard of the picture, in the Vatican, of the Last Communion of St. Jerome, and who would undertake to complete the catalogue of similar works or name the artists among whom Domenichino and the Caracci have taken the lead?"*

The works under review are Martianay's edition of the Works of St. Jerome, and Collombet's "Histoire de Saint Jerome," &c., Paris, 1844. These works, with other sources of information, are carefully characterized, due praise being given to Schröckh's notice of the Saint in his History of the Christian Church, and to the admirable and concise article, Hieronymus, by Von Cölln, in the Encyclopedia of Ernsch and Gruber, Leipzic, 1831. Our readers will not be able to find elsewhere, we think, in an equally condensed form, so connected and interesting a memoir of the life and character of Jerome as is given in the pages before us, to which we must refer them. Speaking of the rigorous austerity which he enforced upon his followers, our author has the following remarks, shewing how opposite in one respect Jerome was to Augustine.

"Strange it is, yet by no means unaccountable, that among the rich and privileged there have always been found those who are most earnest in condemning the vanities of the world, and most ready to listen to the praises of solitude and renunciation. From the more favored classes asceticism has derived its most devoted champions, its Basil, Benedict, Bernard, Dominic, Francis, Catherine of Genoa, Theresa, and a multitude of the same high mark. The reason is obvious: they who have

* Pp. 91, 92.

tasted the pleasures of the world are more likely to feel their unsatisfactory character, than they who have seen them only in the enchantments of distance; and, moreover, the refinement of cultivated society is apt to bring with it sensibilities that subject their possessors to disappointment, life-weariness or yearning for retirement. It was among the courtly circles of Rome, that the accomplished monk of Syria found most willing and enthusiastic listeners. Several of the most distinguished widows and maidens resigned themselves wholly to his direction."*—"Jerome was always very dependent upon feminine society, and when most eloquent in praise of retirement or in denouncing the vanity of the sex, he proved his dependence by the assiduity with which he courted their regard, and addressed to them his ghostly epistles. He had not a little of that bachelor temperament which leads so many men to rail against the vanity of woman and at the same time never be happy without her society. His letters to Paula and Marcella contain some of his most valuable biblical interpretations. When we look over his letters to his female friends upon the worth of celibacy, we cannot but wish that for his own credit he had always confined himself to scriptural exegesis. How he could have written as he did upon virginity to a young girl like Eustochium, we cannot understand. That epistle is in shocking taste, and detestably gross in its allusions. The monk either sinned against the prevalent standard of propriety in such statements and illustrations, or Roman society had sadly degenerated since the days of Cicero and Tullia, or delicacy of speech had been placed among the dainty refinements of the world, and with them been put off by the ascetic party."†

After relating the violent opposition which his asceticism not unnaturally provoked—his retirement to Bethlehem with his friends Paula and Eustochium—his renewed devotion to study, and the vehemence with which he defended his monastic doctrines, our author says of him in his closing days,—

"As he thought of his years of seclusion, he might deem himself nearer God by withdrawal from the world. But could he have seen gathering around him the images that history must associate with him, what would have been the feeling of the expiring monk? Could his eye have been gifted with aught of the prophetic power that death is sometimes believed to impart, how it would have glowed with pride, as he looked upon that mighty order of men who followed him in the monastic life, who formed communities in all lands, and bore civilization to barbaric wilds, and kept learning in sacred trust during the ages of darkness, who forced their doctrine of celibacy upon the church, made its ministers adopt their discipline, who rose in signal instances above the imperial throne, and wielded power such as was never granted to the sword of Alexander or the sceptre of the Cæsars. Shall we not believe, too, that his eye would have darkened with something of horror, could he have seen the blacker forms in that monkish band who have mortified human appetites only to indulge preternatural passions, and who are to be blamed more than any others for stirring up religious wars, wielding the rack and kindling the faggot? Surely he would have had little toleration for the degenerated age of monasticism, when retire-

* Pp. 111, 112. † P. 113.

ment from secular observation was too often the shelter of gluttony and licentiousness. Surely, too, he would have gloried in the thought of the innumerable students of sacred learning who were to follow in his steps and call him master. He who could refuse a mitre for the retirement of his cell, could not refuse the wreath placed upon his head by the Council of Trent in the precedence given to his Vulgate Bible. Could he have looked into the cell of the monk of Wittenburg and seen the form of Luther bending with rapture over a copy of that same Vulgate Bible, and drawing from it principles that cast down so much of priestly despotism, and created a new civilization, perhaps the dying man would have found in his pride as a scholar something to console him for the wreck of many superstitions which he cherished as a monk."*

The fifth article, "Jerome and his Works," contains a careful and exact estimate of him as a scholar, as a commentator and as a man, in which we had marked several passages for extraction; but we must pass on to the following reflections.

"The class of men whom he represents, at last put the world under their feet by being independent of its luxuries, and beyond most of its indulgences. Their thirst for power, we may not indeed covet. But, surely, as we read of their self-control, and their achievements, we may justly ask ourselves, whether we do not make ourselves too dependent upon fortune, and if it would not be much better for us to have a far hardier culture, so that we might more readily live in the plainest manner, and in case of emergency surrender the usual comforts of life rather than bend the knee in sycophancy or stoop to any sin or shame. We have no respect for the doctrine that claims exalted merit for celibacy as such. We have respect for the man who is willing for the cause of science or religion to surrender the charms of a privileged home, and devote himself to the vigils of the student or the exile of the missionary, under circumstances which must compel him to forsake his purpose, or engage in it without wife or child either to share his anxieties or his rewards. One sentiment comes before us with peculiar force after reading the ancient eulogiums upon celibacy—a sentiment of respect for those who forego marriage for the sake of true piety or charity, whether in the broad walks of philanthropy or at the quiet fireside—a sentiment of contempt for the vulgar notion that stigmatizes the unmarried because they are so, forgetting how often love for parents or brothers and sisters has kept a noble woman from leaving her father's home, and devotion to letters or religion has moved the scholar or missionary to forsake all else for science or for the gospel."†

After alluding with some degree of sympathy to the sense of the insufficiency of the world and the craving for joy and peace, which drove Jerome and his followers into the retirement of the wilderness and the cell, and to the revival of the same feelings, among Protestants as well as Catholics, at the present day, our author thus concludes one of the most able and eloquent of the articles before us:

"We may deem it one of the best blessings of our improved civiliza-

* Pp. 121, 122.

† Pp. 140, 141.

tion, with its stable laws and guardian force, that we may have hours sacred to heaven and the soul without quitting the haunts of men; that without seeking the wilderness we may have an energy and self-control, that shall prove us, like the Baptist, neither the reed shaken by the wind nor the slave of soft raiment, and more than the Baptist, sharers in the full gospel of the divine kingdom, drinking of a living fountain, and sheltered by a tree of life which he foresaw but never found in the Judean wilds. Not to the wilderness, but to God in nature, the Word, the Spirit, we may go, and there find fresh zeal for action and new tranquillity after trials.

"Even in respect to privileged solitude we would not exchange our own home in this bustling century for the cave of Bethlehem or the cells of Iona."*

The investigation of the times of these ancient Fathers of the Christian Church, forces upon us the reflection that, though they seem to approach so nearly to the age of the Gospels, yet the lessons and language of Christ and his apostles do not appear to be in any respect or in any degree more *familiar* to them than to us. The books of the New Testament seemed fully as remote, in their sacred elevation above the existing world, to them as they now seem to us. They were even less informed than many in our day profess to be, as to any facts in the rise and growth of Christianity, which would dispense with the supposition of a superhuman origin. Does not this afford a strong presumption that the impulse under which Christ and his apostles lived and taught, was of a peculiar, exceptional, heaven-born character,—not the mere product of human conceptions, but partaking of a holy influence direct from God?

We must pass as briefly as possible over the remaining articles in the volume, the subjects of which approach more nearly to our own time, and are probably more familiar to most of our readers.

In "John Calvin and the Reformed System," as well as in the article on Socinus, the author travels over some of the ground that has been well explored by the late Rev. Robert Wallace, in his "Antitrinitarian Biography." The story of Calvin and Servetus is well told, though with perhaps less severity towards the former than our own feelings would prompt. Learned and acute as he was, we can never think of the cold-blooded and malignant triumph with which Calvin, a Protestant Reformer, committed Servetus to the flames for differing from himself, without a shudder of horror and disgust. The man was worthy of his doctrines. Burning a fellow-creature for heresy might not unreasonably be looked for from one who portrayed God the Father as he did. Our author thus comments on the remark of Calvin, in his own account of the transaction, that Servetus, at the stake, attempted no defence of his opinions:

"Not a word in defence there? Alas! the stake is a poor place for

* Pp. 142, 143.

argument when every other plea has failed, and death gleams not merely from the faggot but from the faces of a fanatical crowd. This deed was done at Geneva under the auspices of John Calvin, second of the Reformers in name. Emancipated Christendom! where was that liberty that was your first love? Exile from France, how could you think of your own past sufferings after that? How could you see in benignant nature the face of a merciful God?—how look upon Lake Leman's placid face, image of heaven's own rest?—how lift your eye to Jura and Mont Blanc, everlasting altars to him the Almighty and all-loving?"*

Calvin is characterized as "a remorseless logician, not modifying by collateral instincts or sympathies the deductions of his understanding." "He had none of Luther's glowing fancy, little of his love of natural scenery, his passion for music, his delight in the arts that adorn the home and the altar. He had an intellect by nature Puritanical, and it cost him little effort to exchange an imposing cathedral for an ungarnished and uncouth conventicle." "His piety was more the prostration of a subject before a sovereign, than the communion of a son with the divine Father."

"In his personal friendships he was unlike Luther, a much cooler friend and more deliberate opponent. He could not weep like the Saxon in agony over a child. His letters after the death of his father, his wife and his only child, show little of a breaking heart. His pen turns easily from the mournful theme to write of other things. If his idea of woman is to be taken from his own description of the qualities needed in his wife, a good nurse is the ideal of the sex. The fact that his constitution was nervous and sickly may excuse such an opinion.

"In active power, he was more the student and the adviser than a man of executive will. He was nervous and timid and naturally retiring, with little disposition or gifts to move him to be forward even in a sphere so quiet as the pulpit. In his study, he could be the theologian, the lawyer, and the statesman. He did not love the market-place, the council or the social hall. Necessity seemed to make him what he was, the theocrat of a new Israel. Yet no necessity could change his nature, or give him the warm blood and heroic will of Luther. Luther's weapon was the broad-sword fiercely wielded; Calvin's the well-tempered rapier adroitly handled; or perhaps the battle-axe of Richard and the Damascas blade of Saladin might better indicate the militant qualities of the two. Luther charged the enemy like Murat, with a bravery that wins shouts of admiration even from their ranks. Calvin is the cold, planning tactician, overlooking the contest and making deep plans to lead the whole to the issue needed for his aims. By the Catholics Luther is called a madman, and Calvin a fiend. We are content with calling the one the heroic champion, the other the creed-maker and disciplinarian of the Reformation."†

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* P. 158. The only fault we have to find with the volume before us is, that it is disfigured by various misprints, not only in punctuation but in more serious matters. The passage quoted above, for example, is rendered almost ludicrous by being printed, "*Luke* Leman's placid face," &c.

† Pp. 162, 163.

Of his bigotry our author well says, writing, it must be remembered, in America,—

"Let us beware of condemning his bigotry in a spirit baser even than bigotry. If we mistake indifference for charity, if we care more for a silver dollar than for a Christian doctrine, we are unworthy to censure a man who like Calvin was willing in attestation of his faith to bear the same pains that he would have inflicted upon others. But if we are worthy of our privileges, worthy of this soil that has never been wet with the blood of religious persecution,* worthy of our liberal faith, whose chief defender interposed between an atheist and the civil law, unwilling that a hoary infidel should be punished for his blasphemous sayings, if we feel mercy and still love truth, then may we speak, though more in sorrow than in anger, of the bigot spirit of John Calvin.

"We may speak of this, and none the less remember his earnest fidelity and self-denying toil—his good services and salutary influences. His great doctrine was, the sovereignty of God. This was the centre from which his five points sprang, even as the peculiarities of Luther sprang from his views of faith. God is sovereign—man is rebellious; God's will is law—he elects at pleasure those who are to be saved, redeems them by his partial favor from their doom, regenerates them by irresistible grace, and secures their final perseverance. This doctrine created a mighty race. The elect, or those deeming themselves such, felt a divine arm under them. They formed a kingdom of saints above the world—a republic of brethren equal with one another. Without some such system to work upon the minds of the believer, it is difficult to see how the liberties of the middling classes could have been won and sustained. The doctrine, however discouraging to the sinful, strengthened the faith of the Christian with something of the force of fatalism, and made men confessors in peace and heroes in war. The republic of saints was the idea that struggled bravely against the laxity of the world and the tyranny of the priesthood—made the plebeian Roundhead victor over the lordly Cavalier—sent forth the Pilgrim band to cross the ocean, like a new Israel over another Red Sea, and has laid the foundations of modern freedom."†

We must dismiss without special notice the full and careful article on "Teresa and the Devotees of Spain," but not because it does not well deserve attention and richly repay perusal. Nor will our space allow us to linger on "Faustus Socinus, and the revival of Unitarian Principles." Of the elaborate and interesting account of "Hugo Grotius and the Arminians," we can only observe that the author disputes, and we think successfully, the correctness of Mr. Hallam's opinion, that Grotius was converted to the Church of Rome. The tenth article presents us with a life-like account and eloquent appreciation of "George Fox and the Spiritualists," which must warm the admiring sym-

* We presume the author, in the above patriotic boast, referred only to the soil of the *Free* States. But, even so, he himself supplies us with one exception to this boast at p. 288, where he reminds his readers of the execution of Mary Dyer and her Quaker associates by the Puritans of Massachusetts.

† Pp. 164, 165.

pathy of the coldest reader. In the eleventh article, on "Swedenborg and the Mysticism of Science," we have an account of that extraordinary man, who, like Pascal, first distinguished himself by his ardent and successful devotion to physical science, and finally devoted himself wholly to religious speculation. At the age of thirty he made himself famous by a brilliant exploit as an engineer, and for twenty-four years more he was engaged in the study of external nature.

"He appears to have exhausted the scientific knowledge of his time respecting the kingdoms of nature, to have made discoveries in the economy of organic beings, and then to have passed on towards the science of the soul and of the spiritual world. Yet what he called his chosen hour, the time of his divine illumination as he styled it, did not come for years. The man introduced to us at thirty as the scientific engineer, must continue the man of science yet twenty-four years more and until past fifty, that sober age when most men fold their pinions and keep pretty close to the earth.

"During these twenty-four years, he published, at intervals of about ten years, his two great works, that on the Mineral and that on the Animal Kingdom. From these, especially the latter, we may learn very plainly the tendency of his pursuits. His mind becomes more and more reverent as he advances in the study of the universe. He feels himself as within a vast temple of the Godhead, and approaching from its outward walls nearer and nearer the inner shrine and sovereign glory. The study of Anatomy, in which he was a proficient and even a discoverer, had for him peculiar sacredness. He searched through the mazes of the nerves and brain as through a mystical labyrinth, hoping to find the clue to guide him towards the invisible soul and that hallowed chamber where God reveals his spirit."*

"But the effort was too much for him; too much for sanity, say his opponents—too much for his reason without special illumination, say his disciples. Before his great work on the Animal Kingdom had gone through the press, the author appeared in a wholly different character. The man of science retires into the background, and, lo, the illuminated seer appears, claiming to hold communion with God and angels; to have authority to interpret Scripture and tell the secrets of heaven and hell. Here is truly a most interesting problem for us. Here cautious reason looks upon the seer with great misgiving, whilst the faith of his disciples from this time forward hails him as the revealer of a New Dispensation of Christianity, in comparison with which all that men had recognized as Christianity is but darkness."†

Our author does ample justice to Swedenborg's great powers and enormous industry as a writer, whilst he is not blind to the fallacy of his sincere belief that he was an infallible interpreter of Scripture and an inspired seer.

"Obviously, in order to substantiate his claim to be the authoritative interpreter of Scripture, he must do one of the two things: either give interpretations that commend themselves to the reason of his readers, or

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* Pp. 301, 302. † P. 304.

he must work miracles in order to establish his claims to divine commission, that shall hold reason in allegiance and call for implicit faith. To working miracles he laid no claim. As to the self-evident character of his interpretations, few recognize it. To most intelligent readers, his method of interpreting Scripture, though often ingenious and sometimes not without depth, is frequently very arbitrary, and apparently without any foundation in the nature of things. There is something in every page of the Arcana Celestia and Apocalypse Revealed, that appears to reflect the expositor's idiosyncracy rather than the sacred writer's meaning."*

"He evidently thought his mind so opened that he was permitted to see and converse with angels, and even with God himself. How then explain this singular phenomenon? Believe that all things are as he describes them—that heaven and hell correspond to his statements—and that the departed angels appear and speak as he says? His spiritual world is too much like himself to allow us to think so. There is a certain monotonous mannerism about all his revelations. His characters talk in his own peculiar style. As has been truly said, both ancients and moderns *Swedenborgianize,* and are little more than images through which the seer himself unconsciously speaks."†

The twelfth paper, on "Wesley and Methodism," under the form of a review of the principal Memoirs of that remarkable man, gives a lively picture of his character and career, the principal features of which are probably familiar to most of our readers. Our author thus describes his firmness of purpose:

"It cost him little to say that least and hardest of words,—that countersign to the gate of virtue,—'No.' He could readily resist the entreaties of father and brother. He was proof against the irritations of the fireside, and swerved not a jot from his course to propitiate the peculiar companion who, it was more than whispered, enabled him to sympathize with Job the patriarch and Socrates the sage. He carried out his plans without regard to opposition on the part of others, or to the sacrifice of his own time or ease. As an instance of disposition, he coolly ascertained, by experiment, how much sleep would do for him, and the result became the rule of his subsequent life. Not a few of our readers, doubtless, from remembrance of many vain attempts to form the habit of early rising, will be ready to say that the man who could do this need not fear difficulty in any quarter."‡

A malicious reader may suggest that the fact hinted at in the first part of the above extract, might render less difficult the habit commended at the close. Of the extraordinary effects of his preaching our author justly observes,—

"Measured by the classic standards, Wesley was by no means a great preacher. His sermons show little genius, but great coherence, good sense, practical knowledge and force. Some of them are very remarkable for worldly wisdom in connection with Christian aim. All of them show the same single purpose,—to win men to Christ, and keep them there. They are, by universal consent, greatly superior to Whitefield's;

* P. 312. † P. 313. ‡ P. 339.

yet they do not, in the printed form, exhibit sufficient power to enable us to understand their singular effect. The power was in the man. The spirit that was in him struck fire from the simplest words."*

Speaking of the little estimation in which Wesley was held by the Church whose minister he was, our author appositely contrasts the conservative sentiment of reverence, which he was so largely the means of fostering in England, with the spirit of unbridled license which, at the very time of his death, was beginning to break out in France. He concludes with the following appropriate thought:

"What an idea the history of Wesley and his work gives of the capacity of an individual, and of the productiveness of a single life! It is a great question, in our day, How may the largest crop be derived from an acre of ground? Far greater the question, How much efficient power can a life produce? Wesley's story is a stern homily on persevering, devoted, cheerful labor. 'Work! work!' it cries, trumpet-tongued. 'Work on, work ever, in faith and love!'

"His method we know; what is ours? Let every conscience answer."†

The thirteenth paper, on "Jonathan Edwards and the New Calvinism," is one which we well remember reading when it first appeared in the Christian Examiner. Most thoughtful readers must have made themselves acquainted, at some period of their lives, with Edwards's great work on the Will. The following passages, among others, vividly convey the fearful power and direction of his preaching.

"His famous Sermon on 'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God' is a good specimen of his peculiar power. No one who reads it can wonder at its singular effect. He delivered it at Enfield, Conn., in 1741, at a time when the congregation there were expecting to hear a foreign preacher. They were disappointed in this expectation, and not at all propitiated by seeing the unpromising substitute for the stranger, as he entered the pulpit and began the service in his usual monotonous way. But soon the feeling changed, and the eyes that had been lowered in displeasure or shut in indifference began to gaze upon the preacher with intense interest. Ere long, some of the audience rose to their feet, and in the end the whole congregation stood up, as if drawn toward the orator by some terrible fascination. The house of worship became a scene of fearful commotion,—such being the distress and weeping, that he was obliged to desire silence, that he might be heard."‡

"On another occasion, as he was preaching in the pulpit of a brother minister, this brother is said to have forgotten himself so far, as to pull the preacher by the coat, and to stop the terrific sermon by the question, —'Mr. Edwards, Mr. Edwards! Is not God a merciful being? is he not merciful?'"§

Our author thus justly characterizes both the strength and the defects of his reasoning:

"First, we observe that he, like all prominent Calvinists, was more

* P. 341. † P. 347. ‡ P. 358. § P. 359.

of a deductive than an inductive thinker; more able and apt to deduce remote consequences from given principles, than to arrive at principles by a broad induction of facts. It is generally presumptuous to deny the correctness of his reasoning from his premises or starting-points. But consider well his premises, and at once grave misgivings arise, if not of their individual correctness, at least of their collective completeness. This faculty of intellect makes him almost invincible as an antagonist, especially in the attack; for when his opponents state their own premises or definitions, since, upon all moral topics, definitions are generally insufficient or incomplete, they are entirely at his mercy. With his unsurpassed power of deduction, he traces each statement to its consequences, and each little rivulet of inadvertence or error swells into an Atlantic of folly or absurdity. As we read his assault upon the Arminian position, and see how ably he reduces some of its statements to absurdity, we cannot but imagine how his own position would appear, if assaulted with the like force,—what Pantheism might be deduced from his doctrine of Divine sovereignty, what Fatalism lurks in his views of free-will, and to what utter Universalism his theory of God's elective grace and the supreme excellence of love must lead. Let him turn his own powerful magnifier against himself, as he turned it against Taylor, Turnbull, and Williams, and motes enough would appear magnified into mountains. We cannot regard Edwards as by any means the master-mind in the broad survey of man, nature, and religion, that he was in tracing out favorite principles to ultimate results. In his way, and exalted as his aim was, he had, after all, much of the character of a special-pleader.

"A sad deficiency, surely, this was in one who undertook to describe and analyze the various and subtile parts of human consciousness, and to solve the enigmas that involve the relation of man to God. This is a second point of criticism upon Edwards and his school. How vastly different was the method of Him whom God sent to be our Teacher as well as Saviour! What profound yet tender recognition of all the facts of our nature, what simple yet sublime statements of the providence and attributes of God! We read the treatises on the Freedom of the Will, and on the Affections, with wonder, and not a little of admiration. But what relief we feel in turning to the words of Christ, listening to the story of the Prodigal Son, to learn by beautiful similitude what the sinner can do to find peace, and what the Father will do to grant pardon, —then to the parable of the Good Samaritan, to know what the affections are that please God and open heaven. Read what the austere Puritan says of God's hatred to the impenitent,—that he holds them over the pit of hell as one holds a loathsome insect, and that they are more abominable in his sight than the most loathsome serpent is in ours, —then turn to the Sermon on the Mount, and the contrast is striking enough."*

The following trait of character might almost be anticipated. There is justice, however, in the appended thoughts.

"In head and heart Edwards was a thorough-going metaphysical theocrat, using the iron sceptre of his logic in connection with the pages of revelation, as the Papal theocrat wields the iron sceptre of authority

* Pp. 367, 368.

through the decrees of councils and the pageantry of rituals. He had the air of a vicegerent of God. His children always rose when he entered the room. So much a matter of course was his superiority over the other members of the family, that the silver bowl before him did not appear in any invidious contrast with the baser ware of the remainder of the table. How unlike the rough and benevolent Chauncy, whose children were frequently locked with him into the study to keep them out of the way, whilst he, good man, undisturbed by their noise, plunged into the folios of the Fathers to find arguments against Episcopacy, or was meditating upon the love of God in creation and redemption, bent upon proving the ultimate triumph of Divine mercy. Yet, with all his spectral majesty, Edwards was a most humble soul, and deemed himself the lowly instrument of Divine Providence. Unlike such men as Cotton Mather, he identified the cause of God with his own interests, not his own interests with the cause of God, and was saved from the scandal of always regarding his own opponents as of necessity the opponents of heaven."*

"The view which Edwards took of the natural depravity of the human heart, and its innate incapacity for spiritual life, shall not prevent our regarding him as one of the great spiritualists of the Church. Devoutly he believed in the Divine light, and was the means of its shining in many souls. It is the baser and more frequent error to doubt or deny its existence, than to mourn as he did over the original sin that had extinguished its flame."†

The subject of the fourteenth and concluding paper, "John Howard and Prison Reform," is again one, the main features of which are, doubtless, familiar to our readers. We extract one striking passage as a specimen of its quality.

"One incident is worthy of mention in his first visit to France for its high historic interest. At Paris he tried to obtain admittance into the Bastile, and actually passed within the outer gate. But an officer came out of the guard-house with such a look of astonishment and threatening that the philanthropist made his way back as quickly as possible. What thoughts are suggested by this fact—Howard and the Bastile!—the spirit of humanity endeavoring to enter the dungeon of feudal despotism! Humanity is repulsed, and despotism triumphs within its moats and battlements; the captives in the iron cages were not then to hear the voice of a friend. How different the meeting some ten years afterwards at those gates! Not gentle humanity, but terrific revenge, stands face to face with feudal despotism, and the Parisian mob razed the stronghold of tyranny to the ground. May humanity not plead thus in vain with the remnants of feudal oppression that still curse the earth. May the gentle dews of mercy avert another baptism of blood."‡

In selecting extracts, our great difficulty has arisen from the *malheur de richesse*. The samples we have drawn will, we hope, induce all our readers to procure and study as a connected whole the original Essays; and we are sure they will then join us in thanking Mr. Osgood for his very interesting and suggestive contribution to our biographical literature. We cannot close

* Pp. 370, 371. † Pp. 374, 375. ‡ Pp. 384, 385.

this notice more appropriately than with the following reflection, introduced by our author in connection with Edwards and the Puritans of New England, but which we of Old England may equally apply to ourselves.

"It is a solemn thing to review the lives of our illustrious fathers. In all their diversities of doctrine and temperament, how they trusted in God, the living God! How steadfastly they looked to the great First Cause through all second causes! How is it now, in this age of the apotheosis of nature, the adoration, almost, of science, the industrial arts, and the gold to which they are made so mightily to minister?"

"Let not the cares of the world, nor the delusions of partial science, nor the worship of second causes, nor the decencies of external morality, nor even the excitements of social reform, lead us to forget to worship the God of our fathers, and crave the grace proffered through his Son. Whilst so many causes give the mind a horizontal turn, and in this line so many of our interests lead, let us not slight the beacon fingers that point upward to God and eternity. Edwards may help to teach us this lesson the more, if we can look upward through a more cheering creed than was his."*

J. R.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

"The constitution of the Christian Church rested upon the idea of a community freely submitting to a Divine order of society which calls mankind to freedom." It was "in a certain sense a secret association. Already Moses had based his reform upon such an association.....It was by this agency that he threw off the bondage of an empire mighty both in Africa and Asia.....Jesus and his disciples formed a secret society first out of the children of that nation,....when subject to the most cruel despotism of republican emperors, and amid the despair of a highly civilized but dissolute world. This society was based upon the freedom of its members from the Levitical law, on their equality as children of God.....It was this society which dissolved the greatest empire in the world."....It afterwards "fell into internal confusion, and became either petrified or decayed. All the movements of the last three hundred years tend towards a fearful dilemma: either a serious, judicious, conscious reform must be made in the Christian community of Western Europe, or the dissolution of the fundamental elements of society will be effected by social revolutions. There are countries, even now, where Socialism is the only sign of constitutional and religious life in the consciousness of the people. Socialism, however, is nothing but the demoniacal caricature of the original Christian association reflected by the concave mirror of hatred against the selfishness, luxury and Mammon-worship of the higher classes. Christianity saved the old world from this misfortune, by bringing the elect, through faith in God and in man, into a new world; but the passage lay over the ruins of existing states and civilization. The ancient world perished by the birth-throes of Christianity; ours, if not reformed, will perish by convulsions attending its decay."—*Hippolytus*, III. 219.

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* Pp. 376, 377.

THE STUDY OF WORDS.*

The study of Language in school education, from being exaggerated into an almost exclusive and therefore vicious system in our public schools, through the accidents of their origin and the fault of their unchangingness, has been latterly decried and neglected by many who ought to know better. A good commercial education (they say) is what we want for our boys: where is the use of your Latin and Greek, which they will never again look at when they have taken their seat in the counting-house, or their stand in the warehouse? French or German may, indeed, be useful to them in transactions with foreign houses; but why Latin, as we have no commercial dealings with the ancient Romans?

Mr. Trench's book before us is a fine practical protest against this very narrow mercantile utilitarianism. The title shews that the lectures were originally addressed to the pupils of a diocesan training-school; to youths, that is, whose future destination, for the most part, will be that of masters to *national* schools—schools for poor children: and the lectures imply that a very competent knowledge of Latin is, in point of fact, given to these youths as an essential part of their qualification to teach English well to the children of the poor. They are not to teach Latin in the national schools, but to teach English intelligently; and to do this they must be Latin scholars. Mr. Trench and the Winchester training-school conductors are quite right. Is it less important, then, to a man of good position in business-life to understand and use the English language with discriminating propriety, than to the teacher of a *national* school? If the latter needs it for his office, should not the former desire it for himself?

The highest use of the study of language is a means of training the intellectual and moral powers. Language being the utterance of thought and feeling, the study of it is, or ought to be, the study of mental processes. All the laws of thought and emotion gradually lay themselves open to the inquirer into the phenomena of language. It is doubtful whether we can think at all—certainly no process of clear thought goes on—without the mental use of words as the aid, if not the very medium, of thought. And the reflex action of thought upon the words which are used to convey it, is the most available popular exercise of logic, and of mental and moral philosophising, that can be prescribed.

Mr. Trench admirably says,

"I am sure that for many a young man his first discovery that words

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* On the Study of Words: Lectures addressed (originally) to the Pupils at the Diocesan Training School, Winchester. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D., Vicar of Itchenstoke; Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Oxford; and Professor of Divinity, King's College, London.

are living powers, are the vesture, yea, even the body which thoughts weave for themselves, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquiring of another sense, or the introduction into a new world; he is never able to cease wondering at the moral marvels that surround him on every side, and ever reveal themselves more and more to his gaze."

Sir William Jones said, that the acquisition of a new language was like gaining a new soul. This expresses the new range of thought laid open by the comparison of one language with another. It is not the comparison of word with word, but of idiom with idiom,—of modes of thought and feeling, as cast in the idiom of the one language, with the differently-moulded ideas of another. No man understands general grammar (in its thorough sense) who does not know another language besides his own. Without this, he may regard as a universal law of language (and therefore of human thought) that which turns out to be specially idiomatic in his native tongue. Let him study another language besides his own,—any other language, so far as this purpose is concerned,—and he is at once introduced to the philosophy of mind through that of words and idioms. How ignorant, then, is the objection so often put forth in this form by those who consider the acquisition of a language as involving just so much waste of time, that might have been devoted to the acquisition of facts in science! My real knowledge (it is said) is not increased by having learnt that *lapis* is the Latin for *stone*, and *homo* for *man*. I have got two words needlessly for one thing, when I might have been learning other things instead of words. Not so;—you are perfecting your own command of the instruments of all knowledge and of all thought; you are exercising and disciplining all the faculties of your mind. Memory, comparison, judgment, taste, analysis, are all in action upon the passionless ground of language. You are learning to look inward on the world of thought. You are gaining the knowledge of the human mind, and preparing to find by its help the knowledge of yourself. Mr. Trench therefore concedes too much, or rather he omits this highest consideration of all, when he says, hypothetically indeed,

"It is conceivable in languages like the Greek and the German, which, for all practical purposes, may be considered rounded and complete in themselves, which contain all the resources for discovering the origin and meaning of their words in their own bosom, or so nearly so, that the few exceptions need not be taken into account, in such languages, I say, it is conceivable that a thorough knowledge of his own tongue may be attained by one who remains ignorant of any other, and that himself possessing, he may be able to impart this same knowledge to others. In fact, the Greek, who certainly understood his own language thoroughly, never did extend his knowledge beyond it."—Pp. 178, 179.

He forcibly shews, however, by this contrast with the Greek

and German languages, complete in themselves, the special necessity of Latin to an Englishman in order thoroughly to understand his own mixed language.

"But it is different with English. Would we follow up its words, not to their remotest sources, but only a step or two, it carries us at once beyond itself and to a foreign soil, and mainly to the Latin. This being the case, he who has not some acquaintance with Latin can only explain a vast number of words loosely and at hazard; he has some general sense or impression of what they intend, of the ideas which they represent, but nothing certain. He stands on no solid ground; he does not feel able to plant himself securely as at a middle point, from which, as from a common centre, all its different meanings diverge."—P. 179.

To meet the special necessities of the English student of language in general, and of his own in particular, the Latin recommends itself above all others, for obvious reasons. It will do all that French will, and more; because what our language received historically from the Norman Conquest was Latin before it was Norman French, and we have since received great accessions direct from the middle-age use and subsequent general study of Latin. And, as to the superior practical use of the living French language above that of the dead Latin, it is a mere *bagatelle* for any one to learn the modern who already understands the ancient. German, the other chief competitor for favour among modern languages, on the ground of practical use (that is merchantable value), does not fulfil the required end of helping to the explanation of the *foreign* elements of our mixed language, though it helps us charmingly in the *native* Anglo-Saxon element. Greek we are quite content to relinquish, at the stern demand of the practicable, as an element of ordinary school education, and indeed of all education, except where a professional or otherwise studious life is contemplated as probable. But we do not think it too high a standard of attainment to propose for the sons of our merchant princes and manufacturing millionaires, or of our men of business throughout a far wider circle, that they should make good the Latin substratum of an English education, which the pupils of the Winchester school acquire, and build upon it a further knowledge of French as gentlemen, and of German when also needful to them as men of business, or tempting to their taste for literature. But we must not, after the manner of more privileged reviewers, make Mr. Trench a mere peg for an essay on his subject. He must appear *in propriâ personâ*, and will bespeak, we are sure, the strong interest of the reader.

His book consists of six lectures, the titles of which are as follow:

1. Introductory.
2. On the Morality in Words.

3. On the History in Words.
4. On the Rise of New Words.
5. On the Distinction of Words.
6. The Schoolmaster's Use of Words.

The special purpose of the lectures sufficiently accounts for what is certainly a defect if they are looked at simply in themselves, namely, their prevailingly theological and ecclesiastical tone, and the corresponding character of many of their illustrations. We shall touch upon this afterwards, when our author's charming style of illustration has been exemplified on neutral and general topics. In the following extract he illustrates the unsuspected relationships of words:

"With how lively an interest shall we discover words to be of closest kin, which we had never considered till now but as entire strangers to one another; what a real increase will it be in our acquaintance with, and mastery of, English to become aware of such relationship. Thus 'heaven' is only the perfect of 'to heave;' and is so called because it is 'heaved' or 'heaven' up, being properly the sky as it is raised aloft; the 'smith' has his name from the sturdy blows that he 'smites' upon the anvil; 'wrong' is the perfect participle of 'to wring,' that which one has 'wrung' or wrested from the right; just as in French 'tort,' from 'torqueo,' is that which is twisted; 'guilt' of 'to guile' or 'beguile;' to find 'guilt' in a man is to find that he has been 'beguiled,' that is, by the devil, 'instigante diabolo,' as it is inserted in all indictments for murder, the forms of which come down to us from a time when men were not ashamed of tracing evil to his inspiration. The 'brunt' of the battle is the 'heat' of the battle, where it 'burns' the most fiercely. 'Haft,' as of a knife, is properly only the participle perfect of 'to have,' that whereby you 'have' or hold it. Or take two or three nouns adjective; 'strong' is the participle past of 'to string;' a 'strong' man means no more than one whose sinews are firmly 'strung.' The 'left' hand, as distinguished from the right, is the hand which we 'leave;' inasmuch as for twenty times we use the right hand, we do not once employ *it;* and it obtains its name from being 'left' unused so often. 'Odd' is, I believe, properly 'owed;' an 'odd' glove, or an 'odd' shoe is one that is 'owed' to another, or to which another is 'owed,' for the making of a pair—just as we speak of a man being 'singular,' wanting, that is, his match. 'Wild' is the participle past of 'to will;' a 'wild' horse is a 'willed' or self-willed horse, one that has been never tamed or taught to submit its will to the will of another; and so with a man.

"This exercise of putting words in their true relation and connection with one another might be carried much further. We might take whole groups of words, which seem to us at first sight to acknowledge hardly any kinship, if indeed any, with one another, and yet with no great difficulty show that they had a common parentage and descent. For instance, here are 'shire,' 'shore,' 'share,' 'sheers;' 'shred,' 'shord;' they all are derived from one Anglo-Saxon word, which signifies to separate or divide, and still exists with us in the shape of 'to sheer,' which made once the three perfects, 'shore,' 'share,' 'shered.'

'Shire' is a district in England, as it is separated from the rest; a 'share' is a portion of anything thus divided off; 'sheers' are instruments effecting this process of separation; the 'shore' is the place where the continuity of the land is interrupted or separated by the sea; a 'shred' is that which is 'shered' or shorn from the main piece; a 'sherd,' as a pot-'sherd,' (also pot-'share,' Spenser,) that which is broken off and thus divided from the vessel; and these which I have adduced by no means exhaust this group or family of words, though it would take more time than I can spare to put some other words in relation with it.

"But this analysing of groups of words for the detecting of the bond of relationship between them, and the one root out of which they all grow, is a process which may require more etymological knowledge than you possess, and more helps from books than you can always expect to command. There is another process, and one which may prove no less useful to yourselves and to others, which will lie more certainly within your reach. It will often happen that you will meet in books, sometimes in the same book, and perhaps in the same page of this book, a word used in senses so far apart from one another, that it will seem to you at first sight almost absurd to assume as possible that there can be any bond of connection between them. Now when you do thus fall in with a word employed in these two or more senses seemingly far removed from one another, accustom yourselves to seek out the bond which there certainly is between these its several uses. This tracing of that which is common to and connects all its meanings can of course only be done by getting to its heart, to the seminal meaning, from which, as from a fruitful seed, all the others unfold themselves; to the first link in the chain, from which every later one, in a direct line or a lateral, depends. And we may proceed in this investigation, certain that we shall find such, or at least that such there is to be found. For this we may start with, as being lifted above all doubt, (and the non-recognition of it is *the* great fault in Johnson's Dictionary,) that a word has originally but one meaning, and that all the others, however widely they may diverge from one another and seem to recede from this one, may yet be affiliated upon it, may be brought back to the one central meaning, which grasps and knits them all together; just as the races of men, black, white, and red, despite of all their present diversity and dispersion, have a central point of unity in their first parents.

"Let me illustrate what I mean by two or three familiar examples. Here is the word 'post;' how various are the senses in which it is employed; 'post'-office; 'post'-haste; a 'post' standing in the ground; a military 'post;' an official 'post;' to 'post' a leger. Might one not at first presume it impossible to bring all these uses of 'post' to a common centre? Yet indeed, when once on the right track, nothing is easier; 'post' is the Latin 'positus,' that which is *placed;* the piece of timber is 'placed' in the ground, and so a 'post;' a military station is a 'post,' for a man is 'placed' in it, and must not quit it without orders; to travel 'post,' is to have certain relays of horses 'placed' at intervals, that so no delay on the road may occur; the 'post'-office is that which avails itself of this mode of communication; to 'post' a leger is to 'place' or register its several items.

"Or take the word 'stock;' in what an almost infinite number of senses it is employed; we have live 'stock,' 'stock' in trade, the village 'stocks,' the 'stock' of a gun, the 'stock'-dove, the 'stocks' on which ships are built, the 'stock' which goes round the neck, the family 'stock,' the 'stocks,' or public funds, in which money is invested, and other 'stocks' very likely besides these. What point in common can we find between them all? This, that they are all derived from, and were originally the past participle of 'to stick,' which as it now makes 'stuck,' made formerly 'stock,' and they cohere in the idea of *fixedness*, which is common to every one. Thus the 'stock' of a gun is that in which the barrel is fixed; the village 'stocks' are those in which the feet are fastened; the 'stock' in trade is the *fixed** capital; and so, too, the 'stock' on the farm, although the fixed capital has there taken the shape of horses and cattle; in the 'stocks,' or public funds, money sticks fast, inasmuch as those who place it there cannot withdraw or demand the capital, but receive only the interest; the 'stock' of a tree is fast set in the ground; and from this use of the word it is transferred to a family; the 'stock' or 'stirps' is that from which it grows, and out of which it unfolds itself. And here we may bring in the 'stock'-dove, as being the 'stock' or 'stirps' of the domestic kinds. I might group with these, 'stake' in both its spellings; a 'stake' in the hedge is stuck and fixed there; the 'stakes' which men wager against the issue of a race are paid down, and thus fixed or deposited to answer the event; a beef-'steak' is a piece of meat so small that it can be stuck on the point of a fork [?]; with much more of the same kind."—Pp. 184—189.

Then follows an illustration of the old English word *quick* in the Creed—"the quick and the dead"—which might have been greatly enriched by its Yorkshire and North-of-England representative, *wick*, apparently unknown to Mr. Trench and his Hampshire pupils. A hedge is in Yorkshire planted with *wicks;* a lad sent on a message is told to be *wick;* a person recovering from sickness is quite *wick* again; and in country churches the Creed is doubtless responded to with all solemnity by many a rustic, "Thence he shall come to judge the *wick* and the dead."

One other illustration we long to supply for the fourth edition, this being the third. The name "alligator" is adduced as shewing

— "the popular birth of a multitude of words, and those the most genuine, which rise up in a language; an example also of the manner in which at some periods of its growth everything turns to good, so that mistakes and errors, misshaping, and it would seem marring a word at its first formation, yet do not hinder it from forming a worthy portion of the after tongue. When the alligator, this ugly crocodile of the new world, was first seen by the Spanish discoverers, they called it, with a true insight into its species, 'el lagarto,' or '*the* lizard,' as being the largest of that species to which it belonged. In Sir W. Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*, the word still retains this its Spanish form. Sailing up the Orinoco, 'We saw in it,' he says, 'divers sorts of

* The economist calls this *circulating* capital, but stock notwithstanding.

strange fishes of marvellous bigness, but for *lagartos* it exceeded; for there were thousands of these ugly serpents, and the people call it, for the abundance of them, the river of *lagartos*, in their [the Spanish] language.' We can perfectly explain the shape which afterwards the word assumed, by supposing that English sailors who brought home the word, and had continually heard, but may probably have never seen it written, blended, as has not unfrequently happened, the Spanish article 'el' with the name, and thus from this absorption of the article it acquired the shape in which we possess it now. In Ben Jonson, who writes 'aligarta,' we see the word in the process of its transformation." Pp. 117, 118.

In a note he adds—"I cannot remember any other examples of this curious absorption of the article in English, though probably there are such." Indeed there are. *Alpaca*, one of the South-American camels, is properly *the Paca;* not to mention *El Dorado*, written separately, yet never separated in speech, for we say *an El-Dorado*, not *a Dorado;* and *the Alcoran*, once much more commonly said than *the Koran*.

A most righteous protest is entered against the *Phonetic Spelling reform*,—"a proposal, in brief, that the educated should, of free choice, place themselves in the conditions and under the disadvantages of the ignorant and uneducated, instead of seeking to elevate these last to theirs."

"Having these convictions in regard of the advantage of following up words to their sources, of 'deriving' them, that is, of tracing each little rill to the river from which it was first drawn, let me here observe, as something not remote from our subject, but, on the contrary, directly bearing upon it, that I can conceive no method of so effectually defacing and barbarizing our English tongue, no scheme that would go so far to empty it, practically at least and for us, of all the hoarded wit, wisdom, imagination, and history which it contains, to cut the vital nerve which connects its present with the past, as the introduction of the scheme of 'phonetic spelling,' which some have lately been zealously advocating among us; the principle of which is that all words should be spelt according as they are sounded, that the writing should be, in every case, subordinated to the speaking.

"The tacit assumption that it ought so to be is the pervading error running through the whole system. But there is no necessity that it should; every word on the contrary has *two* existences, as a spoken word and a written; and you have no right to sacrifice one of these, or even to subordinate it wholly, to the other. A word exists as truly for the eye as for the ear, and in an highly advanced state of society, where reading is almost as universal as speaking, as much perhaps for the first as for the last. That in the *written* word moreover is the permanence and continuity of language and of learning, and that the connexion is most intimate of a true orthography with all this, is affirmed in our words 'letters,' 'literature,' 'unlettered,' even as in other languages by words entirely corresponding to these.

"The gains consequent on the introduction of such a change as is proposed would be insignificantly small, while the losses would be enor-

mously great. The gains would be the saving of a certain amount of labour in the learning to spell; an amount of labour, however, absurdly exaggerated by the promoters of the scheme. This labour, whatever it is, would be in great part saved, as the pronunciation would at once put in possession of the spelling; so far as spelling or orthography could then be said to exist. But even this insignificant gain would not long remain, seeing that pronunciation is itself continually altering; custom is lord here for better and for worse; and a multitude of words are now pronounced in a different manner from that of an hundred years ago, so that, ere very long, there would again be a chasm between the spelling and pronunciation of words;—unless indeed the former were to vary, as I do not see well how it could consistently refuse to do, with each variation of the latter, reproducing each one of its barbarous or capricious alterations; which thus, it must be remembered, would be changes not in the pronunciation only, but in the word itself, for the word would only exist as a pronounced word, the written being a mere shadow of this. When these had multiplied a little, and they would indeed multiply exceedingly, so soon as the barrier against them which now exists was removed, what the language would ere long become, it is not easy to guess.

"This fact, however, though alone sufficient to show how little the scheme of phonetic spelling would remove even those inconveniences which it proposes to remedy, is only the smallest objection to it. The far deeper and more serious one is, that in innumerable instances it would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage, which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready, upon a very slight interrogation, to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words, as of men, is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their scutcheon, and bring them all to the same ignoble level. Words are now a nation, grouped into tribes and families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a promiscuous and barbarous horde. Now they are often translucent with their idea, as an alabaster vase is lighted up by a lamp placed within it; in how many cases would this inner light be then quenched. They have now a body and a soul, and the soul looking through the body; oftentimes then nothing but the body, not seldom nothing but the carcase, of the word would remain. Both these objections were urged long ago by Bacon, who characterizes this so-called reformation, 'that writing should be consonant to speaking,' as 'a branch of unprofitable subtlety;' and especially urges that thereby 'the derivations of words, especially from foreign languages, are utterly defaced and extinguished.'"—Pp. 179—182.

Here is a fair hit at the Quaker prudery about words:

"It must then be esteemed a piece of ethical prudery, and an ignorance of the laws which govern words and their uses, when the early Quakers refused to employ the names commonly given to the days of the week, and substituted for these, 'first day,' 'second day,' and so on. This they did, as is well known, on the ground that it became not Christian men to give so much sanction to idolatry as was involved in

the ordinary style—as though every time they spoke of Wednesday they would be doing some honour to Woden, of Thursday to Thor, of Friday to Freya, and thus with the rest. But these names of the days of the week had long left their etymologies behind, and quite disengaged themselves from them. Moreover, had these precisians in speech been consistent, they could not have stopped where they did; every new acquaintance with the derivation or primary use of words would have entangled them in new embarrassment, would have required them still further to purge their vocabulary. 'To charm,' 'to bewitch,' 'to fascinate,' 'to enchant,' would have been no longer lawful words for those who had outlived the belief in magic, and in the power of the evil eye; nor 'lunacy,' nor 'lunatic,' for such as did not consider that the moon had anything to do with mental unsoundness; nor 'panic' fear, for those who believed that the great *Pan* was indeed dead. Nay, they must have found fault with the language of Holy Scripture itself; for in the New Testament there is a word in very honourable use, expressing a function that might be exercised by the faithful, that, namely, of an interpreter, which word is yet directly derived from Hermes, an heathen deity, and a deity who did not, like Woden, Thor and Freya, pertain to a long extinct mythology, but to one existing at that very moment in its strength. And how was it, we may ask, that Paul did not protest against a Christian woman retaining the name of Phœbe, (Rom. xvi. 1), a goddess of the same mythology?"—Pp. 93, 94.

Had it come within the scope of our author's illustrations, he would doubtless have called it prudery to scruple, as our "Friends" do, the violation of grammatical *number*, while outraging both *case* and *person*, in such current phrases as, How does thee do? Thee knows. Thee sees. Will thee come? &c.

We have already mentioned the theological and ecclesiastical turn of many parts of this interesting and charming book. It is natural that we should find these its least satisfactory parts; and our conscientious demur to the soundness of certain etymological arguments of a theological bearing, is a practical caution against pressing such arguments too closely on other occasions of less serious import. Thus—to take an indifferent example first—on the substitution of the name Anglia or Angle-land, (thence England), for that of Britain, Mr. Trench argues thus:

"How significant a fact, that the invading German tribes, which had hitherto been content to call themselves according to the different provinces or districts which they occupied, should have now felt that they needed, and out of that need should have given birth to, a name common to and including the whole land. Was there not here a sign that the sense of unity, of all making up one corporate body, one nation, was emerging out of the confusion of the preceding period of the Heptarchy? We know from other sources that Egbert was the first who united the different kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his single sceptre; the first in whom the nation was knit together into one. How instructive to find a name which should be the symbol of unity, coming to the birth at this very moment. In respect too of the relations between themselves of the two most important tribes which had settled in this island, the

Angles and the Saxons (the Jutes were too few to contend for the honour), it is assuredly a weighty fact that it was the Angles alone from whom, though numerically inferior, the new appellation was derived. Doubtless a moral or political predominance of this tribe, probably a political founded on a moral, asserted itself in this fact. We are the less inclined to attribute it to accident from the circumstance that, in the phrase 'Anglo-Saxons' (Angli-Saxones), a term which is no modern invention of convenience, as is sometimes erroneously asserted, but is of earlier use even than Anglia, the Angles have again the precedence, and the Saxons only follow."—Pp. 102, 103.

Have we any sufficient proof of the moral or political predominance here inferred to have been possessed by the East Anglians? Does not such predominance rather seem to have belonged to Wessex and Mercia? Surely it cannot be regarded as proved by the precedence of *Anglo* in *Anglo-Saxon*. We had better regard this as an accident of language, or leave it unexplained, than *make* a history in order to account for it. The "sense of unity," too, seems sentimental rather than historical, as ascribed to the discordant elements of the Heptarchy.

In the chapter on the "Morality in Words," we find, if we mistake not, conclusions quite as unwarranted as the above, and yet more seriously objectionable. Our author traces the "tokens of sin in language" as being far more prevalent than the contrary symptoms, while, however, granting that some words (though not so many) have been ennobled instead of degraded by practice. He says, man is of a divine birth and stock, and we need no more than his language to prove it. He says also, man has fallen and deeply fallen; and his language, more than scripture and sermons, proves this too. The latter class of intimations are set forth in a somewhat exaggerated manner.

"It needs no more than to open a dictionary, and to cast our eye thoughtfully down a few columns, and we shall find abundant confirmation of this sadder and sterner estimate of man's moral and spiritual condition. How else shall we explain this long catalogue of words, having all to do with sin, or with sorrow, or with both? How came they there? We may be quite sure that they were not invented without being needed, that they have each a correlative in the world of realities. I open the first letter of the alphabet; what means this 'Ah,' this 'Alas,' these deep and long-drawn sighs of humanity, which at once we encounter there? And then presently follow words such as these, Affliction, Anguish, Assassin, Atheist, Avarice, and twenty more —words, you will observe, for the most part not laid up in the recesses of the language, to be drawn forth and used at rare opportunities, but occupying many of them its foremost ranks. And indeed, as regards abundance, it is a melancholy thing to observe how much richer is every vocabulary in words that set forth sins, than in those that set forth graces. When St. Paul (Gal. v. 19—23) would put these against those, 'the works of the flesh' against 'the fruit of the Spirit,' those are seventeen, these only nine; and where do we find in Scripture such

lists of graces, as we do at 2 Tim. iii. 2, Rom. i. 29—31, of their opposites?"—Pp. 28, 29.

Now, surely this dictionary and vocabulary work is rather idle. Or we might ask in our turn, What means this "Ah," and this "Alas,"—and answer, They are the gracious sighs of virtue over vice, testifying to the former as pronouncing its sorrowful, yet not hopeless, judgment upon the latter. They bespeak not the acquiescence of our nature in the sad things over which it thus mourns, but quite the reverse. And St. Paul's enumeration of seventeen works of the flesh and only nine fruits of the spirit,—is this to be seriously analyzed? Why, if we give the same expansion and particularity to the latter that St. Paul has happened to do to the former, we may soon make seventeen at least, and restore the balance, as any one may find by setting down the nearest opposites to the seventeen vices enumerated. Let us try. The seventeen works of the flesh enumerated are: (1) Adultery, (2) fornication, (3) uncleanness, (4) lasciviousness, (5) idolatry, (6) witchcraft (poisoning, rather), (7) hatred, (8) variance, (9) emulations (or rivalries), (10) wrath, (11) strife, (12) seditions, (13) heresies (separations and divisions), (14) envyings, (15) murders, (16) drunkenness, (17) revellings. Cannot we find seventeen opposite "fruits of the spirit"? (1) Conjugal fidelity, (2) chastity, (3) purity, (4) delicacy, (5) spiritual worship, (6) abstinence from forbidden arts, (7) love, (8) peace, (9) sympathy, (10) mildness, (11) meekness, (12) unity, (13) concord, (14) disinterestedness, (15) benevolence, (16) sobriety, (17) temperance. St. Paul has, indeed, summed up all these and others in nine words: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. And we might sum up the seventeen in nine very easily, as we can expand the nine into seventeen. This is word-trifling, assuredly, and quite beneath the usual grasp of Mr. Trench's powerful and well-furnished mind.

Many words, we are told, "men have dragged downwards with themselves, and made partakers more or less of their own fall. Having originally an honourable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration and degeneration of those who used them, deteriorated and degenerated too." (P. 30.) Instances are suggested in *knave* (originally meaning lad), *villain* (peasant), *boor* (farmer), *varlet* (serving-man), *churl* (a strong fellow), *conceits*, not originally conceited; *officious*, once referring to offices of kindness, not of meddling, &c. Does the history of such words really bear out the argument? The words once equivalent to lad, peasant, serving-man, have degenerated "with the degeneration of those who used them," into the modern knave, boor and varlet. We confess we see nothing in this process beyond the law of aristocratic thought. It is an illustration of the old feudalism of our country; but not (so far as we can see) of any progressive deterioration of the feudal lords. "Conceits," now used in *malam*

partem, would, if we strain it hard, shew the reverse of degradation on the part of those who have modified the use of it, proving that they have reached a greater simplicity of thought and manners, or a sterner code of morals, from the elevation of which they now condemn as trifling and wrong what once was deemed pretty and playful. For it is plain that the moral of the word is to be judged *ex animo imponentis* as it were; and thus the degradation of its meaning may be a sign of the exaltation of the general mind of society. This principle Mr. Trench seems to have left unnoticed. Of course we do not mean to argue that such a great moral conclusion can fairly be drawn, either one way or the other, from the degradation of the word "conceit;" but to shew rather the danger of urging such verbal arguments too far, whether in connection with the morality in words, or any other inferences from them. Equally strained, we think, is the following, on the national character of the Italians:

"On the other hand, we cannot wonder that Italy should have filled our Great Exhibition with beautiful specimens of her skill in the arts, with statues and sculptures of rare loveliness, but should only rivet her chains the more closely by the weak and ineffectual efforts which she makes to break them, when she can degrade the word 'virtuoso,' or 'the virtuous,' to signify one accomplished in painting, music, and sculpture, such things as are the ornamental fringe of a nation's life, but can never be made, without loss of all manliness of character, its main texture and woof—not to say that excellence in these fine arts has been in too many cases divorced from all true virtue and worth. And what shall we say concerning the uses to which she turns her 'bravo'? The opposite exaggeration of the ancient dwellers in Italy, who often made 'virtus' to signify warlike courage alone, as if for them all virtues were included in this one, was at all events more tolerable than this; for there is a sense in which a man's 'valour' is his value. How little, again, the modern Italians live in the spirit of their ancient worthies, or reverence the greatest among them, we may argue from the fact that they have been content to take the name of one among their noblest, and degrade it so far that every glib and loquacious hireling who shows strangers about their picture galleries, palaces and ruins, is termed by them a 'Cicerone,' or a Cicero!"—Pp. 57, 58.

Why did not Mr. Trench add that the customary use of the names Cæsar and Pompey for English bull-dogs, is the deliberate judgment of the English nation upon the brutality of the ancient Romans? Equally curious is this *degradation* of great names by us with that of Cicero by the Italians; yet the facts by no means justify any serious moral judgment on national character. The modifications of meaning which a word undergoes are generally traceable throughout its history, whether that modification be in the way of generalizing what was at first specific, or of restricting what was general—whether an accidental meaning grows into the permanent, or whether the moral import of the word becomes exalted or degraded by usage. But to decide in each case *why*

the specific became generalized or the general became restricted, why the accidental swallowed up the first essential, and why the moral import became raised in one instance or lowered in another, is going beyond the task usually undertaken by scientific etymologists. Some forms of speech, indeed,—idioms more frequently than words—do bear upon them the indelible marks of a moral import; and we suggest, in conclusion, two such broad intimations of man's innate sense of his own heavenly origin and aspiration—two unmistakeable protests of human language against all doctrines tending to human degradation. The name *Man* has never lost its dignity in human speech, though it has in certain church creeds. "A man's a man for a' that," is the British "Homo sum, nihil humanum a me alienum puto;" or rather, the words of Burns bespeak the native dignity, as those of Terence the native goodness, of the human being. Each has its response in the depths of our consciousness. "Manly conduct" is always used in a good sense. We speak of "manly virtues," but never of "manly vices." By "manly weaknesses" we mean those susceptibilities which endear but do not degrade.

And in the same spirit, with the same implied consciousness of the innate worth of the human soul, we say, as Christ said in his parable, of the penitent offender, that he "comes to himself." Why does *coming to himself* mean returning to *virtue*, if the original self is corrupt? It is not only good English, but good Latin, good Greek, good French, German, Italian; perhaps it is good in universal grammar, because it is good in ethics, to say of the sinner repenting and returning, "he came to himself." The next edition of Mr. Trench's book would be greatly enriched, in its chapter on the Morality in Words, by this inspiring counterpoise to its studiously chosen illustrations of the degradation of mankind, and of their language as betokening it.

E. H. H.

CALVIN.

Calvin's mind was throughout a reflective and a political one. Speculating one-sidedly and conventionally, although with Romanic acuteness and French neatness, on the Divine foreknowledge, he produced a system in which the impartial philosopher can only see the distortion of a reflective mind of the deepest ethical earnestness, but overpowered by the logical consequences of Divine necessity, and untouched in this reflection by the central thought of Christianity, eternal love.—*Bunsen's Hippolytus*, II. 195.

DR. JOHNSON AND DR. PRIESTLEY.

Of Dr. Johnson's bigotry in both religion and politics it is unnecessary to adduce proofs. Coarse and unbecoming a good man it confessedly was. There are, however, one or two things imputed to him by his biographer and his biographer's editor, of which we hope to prove him innocent. Boswell tells us that in Wiltshire Dr. Johnson attended some experiments that were made by a physician at Salisbury on the new kinds of air. In the course of the experiments, frequent mention being made of Dr. Priestley, Dr. Johnson knit his brows, and in a stern manner inquired, "Why do we hear so much of Dr. Priestley?" He was very properly answered, "Sir, because we are indebted to him for these important discoveries." On this, Dr. Johnson appeared well content, and replied, "Well, well, I believe we are, and let every man have the honour he has merited." This anecdote is interesting, and shews the Dr. receiving not ungracefully a rebuke for a petulant outbreak of bigotry, and admitting the merits of one whom on political and religious grounds he disliked. To that portion of his text which relates this anecdote, Boswell appended a virulently offensive note, justifying his hero's dislike of Priestley. After some coarse abuse of him as a writer, than whom no one had "been suffered to publish more pernicious doctrines," Boswell proceeds thus: "My illustrious friend was particularly resolute in not giving countenance to men whose writings he considered as pernicious to society. I was present at Oxford when Dr. Price, even before he had rendered himself so generally obnoxious by his zeal for the French Revolution, came into a company where Johnson was, who instantly left the room. Much more would he have reprobated Dr. Priestley."

We shall presently adduce evidence of a satisfactory kind in disproof of this story. A story, attributing a similar ebullition of bigotry on the part of the Dr. against Dr. Priestley, was published in a letter to the Public Advertiser for Saturday, Aug. 18, 1792, signed *Causidicus*, in these words:

"It is reported in Eusebius that the apostle St. John, going one day into a public bath, saw Cerinthus there, one of the first opposers of the divinity of the Saviour and depravers of the gospel. The apostle instantly retreated at the sight of so abandoned an infidel, with the strongest marks of abhorrence and indignation in his countenance. Dr. Johnson being on a visit to Pembroke College, Priestley's arrival was announced; the moment Johnson saw him enter, he retired with the greatest precipitation, impressed, no doubt, with the same ideas as the apostle at the sight of Cerinthus. On the above anecdotes, the following lines are built:

"John saw Cerinthus in the bath; he saw
The monster, and lo! instant did withdraw;

Dreading lest heaven should sudden vengeance send
To crush the wretch who durst the *Christ deny*,
And God the Father in the Son defy.
Johnson saw Priestley; saw, and big with ire
Behold the good old man with speed retire;
Fearing, no doubt, some sad, tremendous doom,
With such a rank blasphemer in the room.
The apostle and the sage both felt the same:
What honest Christian can the conduct blame?"

For the story of *Causidicus* there is not the smallest foundation. In his Appeal to the Public on the Riots of Birmingham (Works, XIX. 502), Dr. Priestley says, "In fact, we were never at Oxford at the same time, and the only interview I ever had with him was at Mr. Paradise's, where we dined together at his own request. He was particularly civil to me, and promised to call upon me the next time he should go through Birmingham. *He behaved with the same civility to Dr. Price when they supped together at Dr. Adams's at Oxford.* Several circumstances," Dr. Priestley adds, "shew that Dr. Johnson had not so much of bigotry at the decline of life as had distinguished him before."

Considering the intimate relations that existed between Drs. Price and Priestley, the testimony of the latter to Dr. Johnson's courtesy to his friend, may be regarded as decisive against Boswell's story respecting Johnson's behaviour to Price at Oxford.

Dr. Priestley's candid estimate of Johnson is remarkably confirmed by a passage in Boswell himself. "A friend was one day, about two years before his death, struck with some instance of Dr. Johnson's great candour. 'Well, Sir,' said he, 'I will always say that you are a very candid man.' 'Will you?' replied the Doctor; 'I doubt, then, you will be very singular. But indeed, Sir,' continued he, 'I look upon myself to be a man very much misunderstood. I am not an uncandid, nor am I a severe man. I sometimes say more than I mean in jest, and people are apt to believe me serious; however, I am more candid than I was when I was younger. *As I know more of mankind, I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man a good man upon easier terms than I was formerly.*'"

In his edition of Boswell, Mr. Croker has thought proper to *endorse* Boswell's vituperative note. The new edition by Mr. Croker professes to be thoroughly revised, and the editor intimates that many of the old notes are altered and improved, and some new ones are introduced. The notes respecting Priestley and Price, unjust alike to them and to Dr. Johnson, remain uncorrected. It becomes, therefore, important that the evidence on this subject should be distinctly replaced before the public eye. Mr. Croker professes to have weighed it, and to have come to the conclusion that Boswell was right in his statement. The witnesses whom we design to call will prove that Mr. Croker is a sorry judge, and will confirm Mr. Macaulay's heavy, but not

undeserved, censure of the notes, that they "absolutely swarm with misstatements, into which the editor never would have fallen if he had taken the slightest pains to investigate the truth of his assertions, or if he had even been well acquainted with the book on which he undertook to comment."

Dr. Parr is the first witness we shall call. He had been reproached for holding intercourse with Dr. Priestley. In a pamphlet published soon after the Birmingham riots, he wrote thus:

"In the name of common sense, then, and of common humanity, let me ask, can the unlettered and therefore the prejudiced classes of mankind, be privileged to prescribe the bounds of social intercourse to enlightened men, who, from the very circumstance of being enlightened, are most qualified to assist others in emerging from the gloom of ignorance, and in shaking off the fetters of every unsocial and unchristian antipathy? *Did not Dr. Johnson himself endure, and, as I am told, almost solicit, an interview with Dr. Priestley*, whose tenets he openly reprobated, and whose sect he derided, too coarsely as I think, and too indiscriminately? Instead of shunning contagion from the presence of a polemic, who had 'blown with a louder blast than his fellows the horn of battle,' did not Professor White converse with him easily and amicably when they met at the great armoury of heresy in St. Paul's Churchyard? Did not the Dean of Christ Church, with his usual sagacity and good-humour, call Dr. Priestley 'a Trinitarian in politics, and an Unitarian in religion,' when they saw each other at Oxford? Did not Mr. Burke himself visit Dr. Priestley at Birmingham? Yes. These great and worthy men did not think it inconsistent with the purity of their faith, or the dignity of their stations, to interchange the courtesies of gentlemen and of scholars with Dr. Priestley."—Parr's Works, III. 280, 281.

Boswell replied to Dr. Parr, and denied that Dr. Johnson "not only endured, but almost solicited, an interview with Dr. Priestley."

It is remarkable that, in the defence of his statement, Dr. Parr did not quote the passage from the "Letter" of Dr. Priestley which we have quoted above. This is decisive of the case; for Dr. Priestley states distinctly that his dining with Dr. Johnson at the table of Mr. Paradise was "at his own request." Dr. Parr confirms his statement by his recollections of a conversation held with Dr. Priestley.

"I asked Dr. Priestley if he had ever seen Dr. Johnson. He said, 'Yes, once.' I then asked how the interview came about. He said, that knowing Dr. Johnson's prejudices against himself, he had never sought that interview; and that he met Dr. Johnson under the idea that Dr. Johnson wished to see him. I afterwards asked how Dr. Johnson behaved to him; and his answer

was, 'that Dr. Johnson's behaviour was very civil, and seemed to him even respectful.' * * * I particularly remember Dr. Priestley's use of the word *respectful;* it is so marked a word from so plain a man," &c. &c.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1795.

To confirm Dr. Parr's evidence respecting this conversation with Priestley, which took place in 1790, the host of the day (E. Johnstone) might be called, but it is not necessary.

We next call a common friend of Parr and Priestley, Mr. Edward Bearcroft, who states,

"In April or May last (1794), I heard Dr. Priestley remind Mr. Paradise of the particular civility with which, according to his account, Dr. Johnson had behaved towards him (Dr. Priestley), when they formerly dined together at the house of Mr. Paradise. I will, moreover, add, that having mentioned the subject this afternoon to Mr. Paradise, he told me, that, though he did not clearly recollect the motive by which he had been induced to bring Dr. Johnson and Dr. Priestley together, he very well remembered Dr. Johnson's having been previously informed that Dr. Priestley would be one of the company, and his having manifested great civility to the latter upon that occasion."

The last witness we have to call is another common friend of Parr and Priestley, Mr. Samuel Rogers. He alleges,

"I heard of the interview between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Priestley, from Dr. Priestley himself. I have heard it mentioned more than once. I understood that it was not solicited by Dr. Priestley, *and that, if any overture was made for that purpose, it came from Dr. Johnson.* I found that Dr. Priestley thought Dr. Johnson's behaviour such as it ought to have been from one man of letters to another. Johnson was very civil."

The evidence now adduced vindicates Dr. Johnson from the foul blot on his manners and his Christian charity which Boswell and his editor have agreed to cast upon him.

When Dr. Parr wrote, Dr. Priestley was an exile. The cautious way in which Messrs. Parr, Johnstone, Bearcroft, Paradise and Rogers, state their recollections of a transaction which happened more than five years previously, is in remarkable contrast to the blundering dogmatism of Boswell and Croker. Had Dr. Parr remembered Priestley's positive statement on the subject of the interview (written, it will be remembered, when the circumstances were recent), he would not have felt it necessary to make this qualification of his statement: "Should Mr. Boswell be pleased to maintain, that Dr. Johnson rather *consented* to the interview than *almost solicited* it, I shall not object to the change of expression." In other respects, Dr. Parr sums up the evidence with judicial exactness:—"The dispute now lies between Mr. Boswell and Dr. Priestley; between firm belief upon the one hand, and positive assertion on the other; between Mr.

Boswell's inference from his knowledge of Dr. Johnson's general disposition, and Dr. Priestley's account of Dr. Johnson's behaviour in a particular case. * * * If Dr. Johnson met Dr. Priestley; if he previously knew that he was to meet him; if, upon meeting him, he behaved to Dr. Priestley with particular civility, he did what Mr. Boswell represents as unlikely and indeed unfit to have been done by so exact and inflexible a moralist, towards a writer whose opinions he thought pernicious to society."

We now ask attention to Mr. Croker's note. He first alleges that the evidence adduced by Dr. Parr in support of his assertion, "really contradicted him," and then, noticing Dr. Parr's proposed qualification (which we have shewn was not required), he says that it "does little credit either to his accuracy or his candour;" and adds, that the mode of expression was a disingenuous surrender of the whole question, leaving Dr. Parr without a shadow of excuse for his misrepresentation."

We know not whether more to wonder at the audacity or mendacity of this criticism; but as the subject of it was, when it was first published, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," we give the palm to the latter quality. Had Mr. Croker not alluded to the correspondence in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, we might have conceived his misstatement arose from ignorance. He avails himself of Dr. Parr's candid but unnecessary admission, and then accuses him of inaccuracy, want of candour, and even wilful misrepresentation.

There is, unfortunately, still a reading, or at least a book-buying, class to whom political and theological misrepresentation is not unacceptable, who may save Mr. Murray from the inconvenient consequences of having risked another edition of Croker's Boswell, although the fact that the market price of the volume is already reduced one-sixth is perhaps one indication that not quite in vain did Mr. Macaulay expose some of its innumerable blunders. But the time will come, however distant it may now appear to be, when Dr. Priestley will rank far higher in the estimation of the wise and good than his great contemporary, and when writers like Croker, who applaud Johnson's bigotry, will be saved from contempt only by being consigned to oblivion.

PURITAN LADIES.

It was the ancient usage of the Church of England for women who came to be churched to come veiled. In James I.'s reign, an order to this effect was made by the Chancellor of Norwich, plainly because the Puritan ladies thought it superstitious, and *made it a point of conscience to shew their faces.* One who refused to conform was excommunicated for contempt, prays for a prohibition, and was refused one on the ground of ancient usage.—*Southey's Commonplace-Book,* III. 124.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LEGALITY OF REMOVING THE COLLEGE FROM MANCHESTER.

Sir,

As one deeply interested in the prosperity of our denomination of Protestant Dissenters, and as a Trustee of Manchester New College, I ask permission to make a remark or two on a portion of the Address of the Committee quoted in your last No. In reference to the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, the Committee say,—"The question thus raised is not whether the late resolution was expedient or not; it involves a still more important question, whether the present and future generations of Trustees shall enjoy the same power of determining the locality of the College which has been exercised by their predecessors, or shall be bound to maintain, under all circumstances of success or failure, a Literary, Scientific and Theological College in Manchester."

The College has been removed from Manchester but once, at a time when, through difficulties as to management, finances and discipline, the arrangements for the conduct of the institution had been suspended; when no one in Manchester would undertake the responsibility of carrying it on; when no one competent to conduct it could be induced to remove thither for the purpose; whilst Mr. Wellbeloved, whose pre-eminent qualifications were admitted, was willing to make the attempt at York.

The attempt to break up the institution in 1853, when provided with an adequate staff of admirably qualified Professors, and discharging, to the utmost that circumstances will permit, its proper duties, in the face of a strong and influential amount of opinion in favour of its maintenance at Manchester, is certainly not an exercise of the same power as that which was exercised in 1803.

Neither is the question at issue whether the Trustees shall be bound to continue, under all circumstances of success or failure, a Literary, Scientific and Theological College in Manchester. The resolution of which Mr. Aspinall Turner and Mr. Wood gave notice for the meeting of Trustees in December, 1851, is to the effect that it be an instruction to the Committee, in accordance with the original foundation of Manchester College, to continue to provide the means of theological and general education for ministers and laymen to such extent as the means at their disposal may enable them to do, with especial care to provide instruction particularly in those branches of education which the Owens College may not be likely adequately to supply. The resolution passed at the meeting of December, 1852, is to the effect that the Special Committee negotiate with University Hall, with the view more especially of providing for lay and divinity students the means of a common religious and ethical culture.

The previous resolution is much more general and comprehensive than the latter, and would include, if necessary, the higher branches of Classics and History, in which Manchester College has always maintained a distinguished reputation; but both equally include instruction for laymen and divines within the two departments of Theology and of Literature and Science.

The question really at issue is, whether the property of Manchester College is held in trust for certain objects within the kingdom generally,

or whether the application is limited to the vicinage of Manchester, and whether, consequently, the resolution of December, 1852, is or is not one which the Trustees are competent to pass, and which individual Trustees are justified in accepting. That legal obstacles to the acting upon that resolution exist, would at least appear from the opinion given by eminent authorities upon the legal case, carefully prepared in 1848 by two of the present officers of the College, that the nature and objects of the charity are purely local, as well as from the announcement made by the Committee on the 31st of December last, that it was their intention to apply for the sanction of a Court of Equity before proceeding to carry out the resolution of the Trustees in favour of the removal of the College.

As a Trustee of the property, holding the opinions which his declarations have conveyed, Mr. Wood is bound to proceed on clearly ascertained legal grounds. Should the Court of Chancery declare, in opposition to the legal opinion of 1848, that the removal to London *may* be lawfully effected, there can be no further difficulty on Mr. Wood's part in acquiescing in the decision of a majority of Trustees, however strong his opinion may be of the inexpediency of the change.

T. M. C.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY HALL.

Sir, *Feb.* 16, 1853.

"A Trustee of Manchester College," dating his letter Jan. 10, 1853, offers some remarks in the last No. of the Christian Reformer, in correction of an assertion made at a recent meeting of the Trustees in reference to the exertions of the London Unitarians in building University Hall. I have little doubt that his deliberate, written and printed statement is literally correct, and that the extempore statement on which he remarks is literally incorrect. I do not examine this point for myself, or enter into the consideration of what constitutes a Lancashire or Cheshire man (involving questions of residence and property), or what subsequent contributions made in London may have modified the proportions of country and town support defined by your correspondent, because I think that the main object of comparing the amount of money accumulated in sixty years for Manchester New College, with the amount subscribed in one or two for University Hall, must be to shew that London may be the centre and the source of a large amount of educational zeal, as well as Manchester, and that this amount may be greatly under-estimated. As I am willing to attribute the funds of Manchester New College to Lancashire and Northern zeal, although many other parts of the country have contributed to them, I feel that it is important not to forget that the funds raised for University Hall (though also from various parts of the country) may be permitted to speak in some similar manner for the zeal of our friends in London, and those who agree with them that London is a fit locality for our College. I take it that the allusion to University Hall was meant to shew that the zeal and energy of our London friends is not exactly to be *pooh-poohed*, and that we of the North are not for ever to speak of ourselves as though we were the people, and wisdom would die with us.

A Northern Shareholder in University Hall and a Trustee of Manchester College.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Milton's Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone. Translated from the Original by Charles R. Sumner, D.D., Lord Bishop of Winchester. A new Edition, revised and corrected. London—H. G. Bohn. 1853.

This volume, containing the first book of the Treatise, is the fourth volume of Mr. Bohn's Standard Edition of Milton's Prose Works. Some reparation was due from this enterprizing publisher for having incorporated with English theological writers that coarsest of polemics, Andrew Fuller, and in the work before us he practically makes it. In the expensive form in which Milton's late discovered Treatise was originally published, its circulation was undesirably limited. The consequence has been, that there are persons, who would resent the charge of ignorance, who have yet to be taught that Milton was an Antitrinitarian. In illustration we may mention the founders of the *Milton Club*, who, if they apply to the books of their library the same test which they exact from their members, and reject those which are not (in their abuse of the word) "evangelical," must be content with an imperfect set of the works of the illustrious man whose name they dishonour by applying it to a narrow and exclusive institution. Another illustration has within the last few weeks occurred in the city of Chester, where the editor of one of the two newspapers treated with insolent incredulity a public assertion by Rev. James Malcolm, that Milton, Locke, Newton, Priestley and Channing, were not believers in the doctrine of the Trinity. We hail, therefore, this cheap reprint by Mr. Bohn with satisfaction, and rejoice that it will partake of the wide circulation which the other volumes of the Standard Library have obtained. It is now twenty-eight years since Milton's Treatise, in the accurate Translation of it by Dr. Sumner, was published. The editor was at that time only Librarian to George IV. and Prebendary of Canterbury. We are glad to perceive that the higher title now added to the translator's name, of "Lord Bishop of Winchester," has not induced him to modify his excellent "Preliminary Observations," the moderation and (with one or two trifling exceptions) accuracy of which are entitled to high praise. Nowhere can we point out a better statement of Milton's claims to regard as an interpreter of Scripture, than we have in Bishop Sumner's remarks: e. g.

"His epic poems afford sufficient evidence not only of extensive biblical knowledge, but of singular judgment in availing himself of the language of Scripture itself, without addition or alteration, in particular parts of his subject. There is no topic to which he refers more frequently, or with more apparent satisfaction, than to the serious turn of his early studies. In his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, he speaks of the 'wearisome labours and studious watchings wherein he had spent and tired out almost a whole youth.' Again, 'care was ever had of me with my earliest capacity, not to be negligently trained up in the precepts of Christian religion.' In his treatise on Education, he mentions his 'many studious and contemplative years altogether spent in the search of religious and civil knowledge;' to which allusion is again made, with much feeling, in the *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano*. He was a proficient in the Hebrew tongue, which he strongly recommends should be gained 'at a set hour,' that the Scriptures may be 'read in their own original.'

His own knowledge of this language was probably acquired in his early youth; for in a letter to Young, written in 1625, he thanks him for his acceptable present of a Hebrew Bible—'Biblia Hebræa pergratum sane munus tuum jampridem accepi.' Aubrey and others, who obtained their information from his widow, have related, that as long as he lived it was his custom to begin the day with hearing a portion of the Hebrew Scriptures, which a person was employed to read to him; and during every period of his life his Sundays were wholly devoted to theology. The importance which he attached to these pursuits is further confirmed by what Birch relates of the system pursued by him with his pupils. 'The Sunday's work for his pupils was for the most part to read a chapter of the Greek Testament, and hear his exposition of it. The next work after this was to write, from his dictation, some part of a system of Divinity, which he collected from the most eminent writers upon that subject, as Amesius, Wollebius,' &c. Some account of the Treatises to which he is said to be indebted for this compilation, will be found in a note on the vii. Chap. of B. ii.

"Nourished with these studies, and imbued with a salutary abhorrence of indolence and licentious excess, the ordinary failings of youth, Milton's mind acquired from his earliest years that reverential and devotional cast which is perceptible in all his writings. In the sonnet written on attaining his three-and-twentieth year, he unfolds the principle on which he acted:

> 'Be it less or more, or soon or slow,
> It shall be still in strictest measure, even
> To that same Lot, however mean or high,
> Towards which Time leads me and the will of Heaven;
> All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.'

"The pious language in which, at a later period of his life, he speaks of his blindness, is not more affecting as a display of the mental consolations whereby he was supported under his personal infirmities, than characteristic of his religious feelings. * * *

"Again, in the second book of *The Reason of Church Government*, a passage occurs of singular beauty, which shews how devotedly the author was attached to the illustration of sacred subjects, whether in the works of imagination or of pure reasoning."—Pp. xviii—xx.

The Translation is said to be "revised and corrected." We have not the means at hand of comparing it with the former Translation, but we have carefully compared portions of it with the original work, and have formed a favourable impression of its general accuracy. It is sometimes characterized by unnecessary freedom. No translation is given of the word "Anglus," which follows Milton's name in the noble Dedication prefixed by him to his work "to all the Churches of Christ, and to all who profess the Christian faith *throughout the world*." This omission is as infelicitous as it is remarkable. In the fifth chapter, "of the Son of God," the Bishop translates "deitatem" by "divinity," a most inaccurate rendering, as will be perceived from the consideration that Milton, in common with all Unitarian Christians, believed in the divinity (divine inspiration) of Christ, though he renounced his deity. This chapter appears to have many additional notes, containing quotations from Allix, Hey, Wardlaw, and other orthodox writers. The simple statements of Milton's text, with its abundant scripture proofs, are in strong contrast with the controversial comments of the editor.

Bishop Sumner finds consolation, when dwelling on Milton's heresy, from the reflection that the great poet lived before Bull and Waterland, and thinks, had he benefitted by their defence of orthodox doctrine, he

might have been rescued from his Arianism. But with still greater probability may it be alleged that, had Milton lived to read Dr. John Taylor on Original Sin and the Atonement, he would have adopted opinions on this subject which, though less "orthodox," would have harmonized better with the other articles of his creed, than the statements in the *Treatise on Christian Doctrine.*

To the present edition some interesting statements are prefixed, confirming the authenticity of the Treatise, and justifying, by subsequent discoveries, some of the editor's original statements. From an original letter of Dr. Isaac Barrow, it is shewn that the Mr. Skinner who had the charge of the MS. of Milton's Treatise, was Daniel Skinner, who was a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, and in that capacity amenable to the College authorities. Dr. Barrow warns him that, if he "shall publish any writing mischievous to the Church and State," he would incur a forfeiture of his interest at Cambridge.

The other matter of the Prefix we quote in the words of Mr. Lemon, the Deputy Keeper of State Papers.

"This afternoon, Mr. Lechmere, a gentleman in this Office (who is engaged in examining and arranging an immense collection of old miscellaneous papers), brought up to me a document which he had just accidentally found amongst them. It is an original letter from Daniel Elzevir to Sir Joseph Williamson, dated at Amsterdam, in November, 1676, in which he acquaints Sir Joseph that, *about a year before, Mr. Skinner* put into his hands a *Collection of Letters, and a Treatise on Theology, written by the deceased Milton*, with directions to print them; but on examining the works, he (Elzevir) found many things in him which, in his opinion, had better be suppressed than divulged;—that he, in consequence, declined printing them; and that Mr. Skinner had *lately* been at Amsterdam, and expressed himself highly gratified that Elzevir had not commenced the printing of them, *and then took away the Manuscripts.*

"It is not less singular than gratifying, that the discovery of this letter so completely confirms the conjectures we had previously formed respecting the *Doctrina Christiana;* and I think you will agree with me in opinion, that this is the only link wanting in the chain of evidence to prove the authenticity of this work, and that Milton was the undoubted author of it. The letter of Elzevir, above alluded to, is undoubtedly an original, as I have carefully collated it with another letter of Elzevir's, which I fortunately have in my possession; and the writing of the two letters is perfect identity."—P. xxxvii.

We could have wished that the letter had been given. Anthony Wood informs us that Milton's theological work was in the hands of his friend Cyriac Skinner. The republican principles of Cyriac Skinner may, it is conjectured, have made him an object of suspicion, under the influence of which his papers seized by the government fell into the hands of the Secretary of State; and thus Milton's Treatise, which had been returned to him from Holland, after the ineffectual attempt to get it printed by Elzevir, became lodged in the State-Paper Office, where it was doomed to lie in obscurity for a century and a half.

Can any of our correspondents give us any information respecting the Daniel Skinner who had charge of the manuscript? In the list of Cambridge graduates, the name of Daniel Skinner is graced with an asterisk, indicating (we believe) that he was a Fellow of his College. He graduated A. B. 1673, and A. M. 1677.

The concluding volume of Mr. Bohn's edition will, we suppose, give us, in addition to the second book of the Treatise, the remaining prose

works of Milton, which will be incomplete unless they include his State Letters, of which Bishop Sumner informs us that a corrected MS. copy, differing materially from the published editions, exists in the State-Paper Office. If a carefully-compiled Index be added, the edition will deserve a place in every good library.

Observations on India. By a Resident there many Years. 8vo. Pp. 178. London—John Chapman.

We have read this book with pleasure. The writer tells the story of what he saw in India, briefly and unaffectedly. Unencumbered by the ordinary political, aristocratic or military prejudices of Indian residents, he has an eye to see and a heart to feel for the wronged and pillaged natives. The account he gives of our government of India is not flattering to our national pride; but it is impartial in censuring Whigs and Tories alike. He thinks the government of the East-India Company far from good, but very preferable to that of the Crown. One or two extracts will shew the author's power of description.

Native Jugglers.

"I had an opportunity, shortly after my arrival here, of seeing the performances of one of those many kinds of jugglers with which India is overrun. He professed the art of enchanting snakes with his music, so that if your house and garden were infested with these reptiles, a tune from his pipe would induce them to come out of their holes to listen to him; and so rivetted would their attention be, that they would meanwhile allow him to take them up, without endeavouring to escape. As a proof of his own prowess among these creatures, he drew from out a dirty bag several of them, and with the rest the deadly Cobra, which he handled with impunity. I did not think his strains remarkably captivating; however, he piped away for a long while, and poked into many dark corners, and at last pretended he had caught one. The scene was acted with good effect; and, considering that quacks of divers kinds usually belong to most human societies, I could not but esteem my present acquaintance a harmless one. He was a strange, fantastic-looking being, wrapt up in a quantity of loose garments, which were rubbed with a red colour, resembling the 'ruddle' that they rub sheep with in some parts of England. The principal part of those who wander about the country, gaining a livelihood in this way, are faqueers, who make all sorts of preposterous vows; and the more they conduct themselves like madmen, the more they appear to be objects of awe and veneration. I met three or four of them one morning, walking, one after the other, each holding one arm in the air, as high as he could. Their nails were grown, their hair long and matted, and their faces and bodies smeared with paints, so as to make them look most demoniacal. It is said that the reverence of the natives towards these people is becoming much less than it was in the good old times; a circumstance that is not improbable."—Pp. 48, 49.

The voluntary tortures endured as expiations for sin are thus described:

"I also witnessed, while at Chinsurah, the horrible self-tortures which many of the lower orders are in the habit of inflicting upon themselves, at one of their spring festivals, called the Churruk Poojah. A crowd had assembled, in a small open space, at the outskirts of the town, and among them were several men with spears run through their tongues; others had strings, about as thick as writing quills, run through each of their sides, so as to go nearly as deep as the ribs. Two men, standing about ten yards apart, and facing each other, held the four ends of these two strings, and the victim danced

a sort of native hornpipe between them, alternately advancing and retreating from one to the other, and regardless of the strings, which raked his sides and drew fresh blood from them every time he moved. During this, an attendant kept beating the tom-tom (the native drum) loudly in his ear, evidently to keep up the excitement, that he might not fail in his task. I saw the other exhibition of people suspended by hooks stuck into their backs, the next day, but only at a distance, and I had already seen enough to prevent my wishing to be nearer."—Pp. 49, 50.

The volume contains many incidents which illustrate Scripture, such as two women grinding at a mill (p. 49); and the statement (p. 46), "Violent diseases, such as raging fevers and epilepsy, are attributed to the entrance of evil spirits or devils into the body;" and that peculiar varieties of madness are considered in the same light.

While on board ship, sailing to Bengal, our Indian Resident witnessed a singular Lascar trial for theft.

"The whole of the persons suspected were made to chew some rice and then spit it out. The spittle was afterwards examined, and an individual declared to be guilty, upon the appearances detected in his portion of it. He was accordingly tied up to be beaten; and I then remonstrated with the Captain for allowing the man to be punished upon what appeared no evidence at all. He answered me that he always let them manage their own matters among themselves, and the beating proceeded. To my surprise, in a short time the culprit confessed, and stated where the stolen property was to be found. This mode of ordeal is common among the natives of Hindostan; and I have heard Europeans attempt to account for the prevalence of it, by asserting that the saliva of the mouth is altered under the influence of fear."—P. 83.

The Religion of Good Sense. By Edward Richer, of Nantes. 12mo. Pp. 248. Belfast—Simms; London—Chapman.

Of Hudibras the poet sang,

> "We grant, although he had much wit,
> He was very shy of using it,
> As being loth to wear it out."

A modern Butler could alone do justice to "Edward Richer, of Nantes." Boundless may be the amount of his good sense; but we are compelled to report to our readers that, after two weary hours spent in turning over the pages of this volume, we have found neither good nor common sense—save in the title-page. We have a philosophy as mysterious as that of the darkest of the schoolmen, and a theology which, though professedly new, is here and there reconcilable with the old orthodoxy. In school divinity our author is indeed another Hudibras, and, like him,

> "Can twist as tough a rope of sand,
> And weave fine cobwebs fit for scull
> That's empty when the moon is full,
> Such as take lodgings in a head
> That's to be let unfurnished."

According to Mr. Richer, "the first religious books of all nations were written by extatics who enjoyed spiritual communications." The Scriptures, Jewish and Christian, are in his view hieroglyphic, and unintelligible to those who are limited to five senses. But he charitably offers to mankind the required hieroglyphic key. As a specimen of the wonders it will open to our view, we may mention his exposition of the

facts connected with the dress and food of John the Baptist in the desert. They were symbolical, strange to say, not of the doctrine of the Baptist, but of the condition of the Jews of his day. The Jews had become very material in their ideas of divine things. The camel signified natural science, and the leather of the skin signified the exterior. The Baptist's clothing, therefore, was a figure of the state of the synagogue. The perverted people were then in a state of sensual falsehood of the lowest degree, and this falsehood in the Bible is represented by locusts. The wild honey, being an emblem of natural pleasure, signifies that moral delights were unknown to them. (P. 200.) We believe illustrations of the Scripture as pertinent as this could be obtained in any quantity from any well-conducted Retreat where the hapless inmates are encouraged to use pen, ink and paper.

The "Religion of Good Sense" is the first volume of an intended series under the general title of the "Spiritual Library," designed to lead man back to God by means of CLAIRVOYANCE and MESMERISM. The latter, we are told, was practised by our Lord and his apostles. It is a "spiritual medicine." We are further told, and shall not dispute the proposition, that it requires "*faith* on the part of the patient before anything of importance can be effected."

The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London. As reported by the Author of "Mary Powell." London—Hall and Virtue.

WE are ashamed to have allowed this charming little book to remain on our table unnoticed sufficiently long for it to reach a second edition. Dealing with veritable names, it is a supposititious work, relating the gentle life of a worthy citizen,—narrating in pleasant style his perils, courage, loves and happiness. The story gives a not unfaithful view of what London citizen life was between 1547 and 1559. The style is far more modern than the events related; but this anachronism will not diminish the pleasure of most of the readers of "Edward Osborne."

The dark times of Queen Mary furnish some good matter for our author *(authoress?)*; and the only extracts for which we can find room relate to scenes of martyrdom. The first, to Rogers, the proto-martyr of that persecution, and his associates, Hooper and Cardmaker.

"I stood with others at the Church door to see the prisoners come out. They were remanded to the Compter in *Southwark* about four o' the Clock, just as 'twas growing dark, till nine the next Morning; and as they came forth, I saw good Bishop *Hooper* look back and wait a little for Master *Rogers*, whom, when he came up, he cheerfully addressed with, 'Come, Brother *Rogers*, must we two take this Matter first in Hand, and begin to fry these Fagots?' 'By GOD's Grace, Sir,' quod *Rogers*, 'we will.' 'Doubt not,' returns the good Bishop, 'but God will give us that.' And so passed on, Hand in Hand, much cheered and pressed on by the People.

"Next day, they were re-examined and condemned and degraded. The Sheriffs had much ado to guard them to the *Clink* in *Southwark*, where they kept them in ward till Dark, hoping the throng would disperse or ere they brought them across the Bridge to *Newgate*. Howbeit, about eight o' the Clock, I being alone and busied, heard a great rumour, followed by sharp shrill cries along the Bridge; and Master *Hewet*, stepping in, all in a Heat, sayth, 'Lights! Lights!' I mutely gave him mine and fetched another, and we stood at the Door, protecting the Candles from the Wind with our Hands.

Others were hastily bringing Candles to their Doors; and still we could hear Men and 'Prentices running forward and crying, 'Lights!'

"'They thought to do a Deed of Darkness in the dark,' quod Master *Hewet*, wiping his Brow, 'and to smuggle them across to Newgate under cover of the Night; and so sent forward to have all the Candles at the Costermongers' Stalls extinguished.... but, if they're ashamed of their Work, let them abye it!.... GOD speed you, Master *Hooper!* GOD save you, Master *Rogers!* The Blessing of GOD be on you and on all like you!'

"'The same to you all, dear Friends!' responded the chearful voice of the good Bishop as he passed. 'The LORD have you all evermore in his Keeping!'

"And then Master *Hewet* went in and covered his Face and wept."—Pp. 200—202.

This is the touching description of the martyrdom of a humble friend of Tomkins, by trade a weaver. He had to Bonner's face denied the real presence.

"I stood over against the Door as he came forth; our eyes met: and in a Tone that had Somewhat of musicalness in it that searched and sank into the very Heart, he sayth, 'The Night is far spent, Lad! the Day is at Hand!'

"Those token words drew me irresistibly after him. I felt no Fear, no Horror, just then; only that our two Souls clave together, and that mine must keep near his till 'twas caught up. So I kept a little in advance, and eyed him now and then, that he might just see I stood by him; and I think it gave him Pleasure, for I once heard him say, 'The Presence of a Friend that cleaveth to us unto Death, how good is it!'

"But Martyrs were forbidden to make long Speeches on Pain of having their Tongues cut out; and indeed their Constancy preached enow. Wherefore this was the last Word I heard from his lips, for he seemed entirely addressing himself to another Friend whom we could neither hear nor see. And when he got to the Place, I saw him put his Arms affectionately about the Stake and kiss it, (they all did that,) and then lay aside his poor Weaver's Garments, prison-worn and tattered, and put on what seemed indeed the white Robe of Immortality, and then stand firm while they put the Chain about his Waist. Just then a Man pushed rudely past me with a Fagot; and there was a Rush and a Press of New-comers that jostled me from my Place, and wanted to feed their greedy Appetites with a good Man's pain, as if 'twere a mere Straw. I pushed at them again, and struggled forward, amid blows and reviling, and gat Sight of a Puff of Smoke, and a bright Flame leaping up. Just then, the Sun, breaking forth from a stormy Cloud, shone full upon his Face, which, looking upward with a joyous Smile, seemed transfigured by it. I could see no more.... mine eyes were blinded, my Throat choked. I pushed my Way through the Crowd and went Home to pray for—myself, not for him." Pp. 214—216.

In the use of the New Style and various other matters, the Colloquies betray anachronisms; but the general features of the book are in good historical keeping, and there is the same ethical beauty that adorned the author's former work.

Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and of his Brother, James Alexander Haldane. By Alexander Haldane, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. Pp. 676. London. 1852.

THE brothers Haldane give little promise as interesting subjects of a biographical memoir. The execution of this ponderous volume does not transcend the promise. Both are entitled to praise as respectable, consistent men, and zealous beyond the ordinary measure of zeal in the

propagation of their religious dogmas. To neither of them can be extended the praise of learning or remarkable abilities. The characters of both were defaced by theological bigotry, in narrowness seldom surpassed. Their relative has shewn little power in depicting character, and we rise from the perusal of a most minute and laborious volume with little knowledge of the distinguishing characteristics of the two brothers; nay, more than this—the two narratives are so intertwined, that the reader is often compelled to turn a page or two back to ascertain whether what he is reading about refers to the younger or the elder brother. The biographer's principal qualification for his task is his entire sympathy with his uncle and father; he has all their religious antipathies, but wants their theological information.

Having, after many efforts, succeeded in reading through the Memoirs and noted the principal facts, we will give our readers the benefit of our ill-rewarded toil, and offer them a hasty outline of the life of at least one of these two gentlemen.

Robert and James Alexander Haldane were descended, on both the paternal and maternal side, from an ancient family settled in Perthshire. An ancestor, named John Haldane, represented the county of Perth in the first British Parliament. Of Mungo, the son of John, an anecdote is given which discloses a singular state of manners as prevalent during the last century in the valleys of Scotland:

"Sunday trafficking was then prevalent in Scotland, in consequence of the packmen, or itinerant hawkers, bringing their goods for sale to the church doors on the Lord's-day. As chief magistrate in the neighbourhood, the Baron of Gleneagles issued an order prohibiting the practice. On the following Sunday he did not happen himself to go to Blackford Church, but, meeting his servants returning, he inquired whether the packmen had obeyed his mandate. Being informed that they had not, the old tenant, with great emphasis, used to tell how 'the Laird clapped his hand on his sword,' and declared that, if he lived over another Sabbath, he would make the packmen repent of their perverseness. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, he himself went to the church; and, finding the packmen assembled as usual, and spreading out their goods for sale, he drew out his sword and scattered them in an instant. Having pursued them down the hill, as they fled in trepidation before the irate and portly Baron, he returned to the church gates and tossed their wares into the adjoining lake. This exercise of a 'rigour beyond the law,' which in those days was not very nicely weighed, had the desired effect, and Sunday trading has never been again attempted near Gleneagles from that day to the present."—Pp. 7, 8.

Robert Haldane was born in London, Feb. 28, 1764. When little more than four years of age, he lost his father, who was a Captain in the Navy. His mother survived only a few years, but sufficiently long to communicate, to her elder son at least, her strong feelings of religion. The orphans were taken charge of by their grandmother, Lady Lundie, who resided with her two sons, Colonel Duncan and Adam, afterwards Lord Duncan, at Dundee. The boys were taught at the grammar-school of that town, and had the assistance of Rev. Dr. Fleming as a private tutor. After the death of Lady Lundie, they were placed at the High School in Edinburgh, under the tuition and charge of Dr. Adam, the author of the Roman Antiquities. Robert had a boyish desire to become a minister of the Church of Scotland, and gathered the servants around him on Sundays at Lundie House, and tried his hand at preaching. But

no precedents could be found for a young man of his rank and prospects entering the Church of Scotland, and he rather abruptly quitted his studies at the University of Edinburgh in 1780, and, influenced by the tastes and wishes of his uncle the Admiral, he entered the Navy, and joined the Monarch man-of-war at Portsmouth. From the Monarch he was transferred to the Foudroyant, commanded by Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. Shortly after he joined the ship, it engaged with the Pegáse, which, after an engagement of three-quarters of an hour, it took. Robert Haldane's conduct in the engagement was honourably mentioned by his Captain. While serving in the Foudroyant, young Haldane had frequent opportunities of associating with Dr. David Bogue, who, educated for the Scotch Presbyterian Church, settled in 1778 with a Congregational church at Gosport, in the pastorship of which he continued till his death in 1825. With the peace of 1783, Robert Haldane's naval life terminated. After spending some time with Dr. Bogue, in whose religious views he already warmly sympathized, he returned, being now in his twentieth year, to the University of Edinburgh.

After spending two sessions in the University, he devoted some months to foreign travel, taking what was then called "the grand tour." When little more than two-and-twenty years of age, he married an Oswald (his bride being only eighteen years of age), and settled at his residence at Airthrey, near Stirling. For ten years he devoted himself to country pursuits, improving his estate and beautifying the grounds about the house by the then novel arts of landscape gardening.

The French Revolution occasioned in Scotland, as elsewhere, much party strife. At a county meeting, Robert Haldane denounced the French war and eulogized democratic principles, as tending to peace and goodwill. His boldness in advocating these unpopular views in the face of the aristocracy of his county, cost him some friendships, and was the occasion of throwing him into comparative solitude. Deprived of the society of gentlemen of rank, he consorted with the more eminent and worthy clergymen of his district, whose conversation was the means of directing his thoughts anew to those religious subjects in which his mother had delighted during his childhood. But what in the language of the popular theology would be called his *conversion*, arose from a conversation with a journeyman mason during a long country walk through his estate. Embracing Calvinism without reserve, he became immediately an altered man. Of the sincerity and purity of his motives, and of the strength of his convictions, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. They are attested by the whole course of his not brief life. He embraced the dogmas of Calvinism with fervour, and at home and abroad he laboured to disseminate them. His exertions were not without considerable success. But it would prove a long and tedious narrative were we to recount the various modes in which his proselyting zeal was developed.

The events of the life of his brother James Alexander were still less interesting. He devoted himself, from 1797 to the close of his life, to preaching, and the strength of his convictions respecting the five points found, as might be expected, a large measure of acceptance in Calvinistic Scotland.

The elder Haldane died in 1842, aged 78; his brother survived him nine years, dying 1851, aged 82.

The narrative of both lives has painfully struck us with the lament-

able manner in which the influence of Paul is allowed by the body of Christians to which these two worthy men belonged, to supersede that of Jesus Christ. The Gospels, and of course the direct teachings of the great Author of the Christian faith, are by them made subservient to the Epistles of Paul. In our estimation, these Pauline Christians sadly misunderstand and distort the writings of the apostle of the Gentiles. Fixing their attention on certain difficult and abstruse parts of the apostolical letters, abounding with expressions of a Jewish and highly figurative character, they interpret them with painful literalness, and expand them into a system of dogmatic theology, in which little or nothing can be recognized of the gentleness and love of the Saviour of the world.

Whilst we are compelled to regard the two brothers Haldane as men of narrow views and contracted minds, we willingly do justice to their integrity, consistency and ardent Christian zeal, and wish it were often our lot to see the latter quality combined with a freer and more noble exposition of Christian faith.

Sin: its Nature, Origin, Effects and Remedy. An Essay. By John Wright, B.A. 12mo. Pp. 59. London—Whitfield.

This is a model theological tract,—the argument beautifully logical, the style simple, and the doctrinal portion of it leading directly to the practical. After an introductory chapter on the sources of our knowledge on religious subjects and the true mode of using it, Mr. Wright proceeds to discuss the nature of sin, which he defines as disobedience to the voice of conscience. The third chapter handles the embarrassing topic, the causes of sin, which our author finds in the state of moral discipline in which man is placed. He then discusses the effects of sin, the means of escape from them, and also the means of gaining strength to conquer temptations to sin. The last chapter is devoted exclusively to practical conclusions. There is a pure religiousness (if we may use the word) throughout these pages. It is just the book we should put into the hands of an "orthodox" friend, whose mind was imbued with prejudices against the Unitarian system, as alien from a devout spirit and practical righteousness.

The Martyrs, Heroes and Bards of the Scottish Covenant. By George Gilfillan, M.A. Pp. 256. London—Cockshaw.

Of Mr. Gilfillan's style of writing we cannot profess ourselves admirers. But the story he has to tell in this little book, which forms a volume of the "Library for the Times," is so full of romantic incidents, appealing to the purest and tenderest sympathies, that we forget the writer in the absorbing interest of his subject. The death of Viscount Dundee (the Claverhouse of Scott's Old Mortality) in the battle of the pass of Killiecrankie, in the reign of William the Third, is well told:

"The troops of Dundee charged, as they had done at Bothwell Bridge, and ever before and after, with prodigious impetuosity; Mackay's men were broken, and the rout would have been total had not Dundee himself, at the third fire, reeled in his saddle and fallen. The hand which gave him his death-blow is to this hour unknown, and various fabulous rumours have floated about in consequence. Some say that he was shot by his own servant with a silver button!—others that one of his old Covenanting friends who had

wrongs to avenge, had followed him to the braes of Killiecrankie and gained his object. But we find similar rumours whenever a cause is identified with one man, and when that man falls suddenly. It was so with Gustavus Adolphus, with Charles XII., and many others. And had Napoleon dropped at Waterloo, there would have been afterwards cries of 'Treachery—treachery!' Claverhouse, like Napoleon, while hated by many, seems always to have secured the attachment of his soldiers, and it is not likely that he owed his death to one of them. His time, in fact, had come—his fearful works were all accomplished—his war-saddle, long the throne of cruelty over the western and southern shires, must now become vacant; and, thank God! in Scotland, at least, he has had no successor. He was a brave bad man, and it was, perhaps, fitting that he should die in that pass of peril—that Thermopylæ of the domain of northern darkness, and that

> 'His mourners were the plaided Gael;
> His dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.'"—Pp. 120, 121.

The Israel of the Alps: a History of the Waldenses. Translated from the French of the Rev. Dr. Alexis Muston. By William Hazlitt. With numerous Engravings. Pp. 312. London—Ingram, Cooke and Co.

No portion of Christian Ecclesiastical History is more striking and instructive than that which records the fidelity and sufferings of the religious men in the wild fastnesses of the Alps, who clung with invincible tenacity to their simple religious convictions, and endured centuries of Popish persecution. The cheap and very beautiful volume before us gives a condensed narrative of the history of the Waldenses, for the most part translated from the French work of Dr. Al. Muston, but considerably enriched by particulars derived from Dr. Gilly's Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont. From the latter work the illustrations (excellent specimens of the art of engraving on wood) are taken. Without subscribing unreservedly to the claims of antiquity, extending to the apostolic age, sometimes put forth in behalf of the Vaudois, we freely give our admiration to these simple-minded and heroic men, sung by Milton's muse as

> "slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;"

and we are glad that the spirited conductors of the "National Illustrated Library" have made the story so accessible to English readers of every class.

The volume contains, amongst many other matters of interest, a characteristic illustration of the spirit of the government of Cromwell and that of Charles II. Cromwell, it is well known, energetically interfered in behalf of the persecuted Vaudois. In 1655, a large subscription was raised in England to supply the wants of the persecuted pastors and people of the Alps. To this subscription Cromwell was a munificent contributor. The interest was sent year by year while the Commonwealth endured. At the Restoration, Charles appropriated to his own purposes the balance of this fund, amounting to £16,333, and refused to repay it, on the flagrant pretext that he was not bound by any of the engagements of an usurper and tyrant, nor responsible for his *debts!*

INTELLIGENCE.

SPEECH AT DUKINFIELD OF PRINCIPAL SCOTT.

At the opening of the Village Library, January 22, 1853, Principal Scott being invited to speak to the sentiment of "The Dukinfield Village Library—may it receive from all classes the cordial and effective support its importance merits, and thus become the daily-increasing treasury of wisdom and knowledge to all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and especially to the working man,"—spoke to the following effect.

It was impossible to say anything new, in the present day, on the desirableness of Libraries; but that he entirely sympathized with the approval expressed by the President. No doubt, there were views of the subject of book education which had not a little interested his own mind; and he, perhaps, could also make them interest this meeting, if it were reasonable so to occupy their time. He could not but contrast an occasion like this with some incidents in the past history of book education in England. He was tempted to look as far back as a thousand years ago, and somewhat more. There was a very remarkable incident in the history of the literature of England, of English libraries and English bookmen, at that period. The head of the civil power, almost throughout Europe, at that time, was Charlemagne, the emperor of the Franks,—a man who was, in many respects, before his time. We knew how benighted that period was, in regard to book education; Charlemagne felt it so; and he knew that it would be good, upon the whole, to have society enlightened in this respect, as much as could be done. He looked about for an efficient instrument for the supervision of a system of book education; and that he found in England, in the north of England. The fittest apostle of science and literature whom the resources of the head of the holy Roman empire, as it was then called, could procure, was Alcuin, the Englishman from York. This Alcuin had given us an account, written with great enthusiasm, of the library in which much time of his early days was spent, the library of the cathedral school of York; and he had enumerated the authors whose works were to be found there. Much of his time, afterwards, was spent in collecting books, to be diffused under the auspices of the emperor, and in training those who were to read them. He (Professor Scott) could not help thinking, that if that English scholar, officially placed, by the highest civil authority, at the head of the science and literature of his time, could have contemplated the possibility of an occasion like the present, he would have been indeed astonished! More books than *he* ever saw, in all his life, and upon a greater variety of topics than it was possible for him, in the existing state of science, even to conceive,—here to be placed at the disposal, not of a few learned ecclesiastics, gathered into a cloistered building, but of the mass of the labouring population of a village like Dukinfield; what would have been his wonder! He would have asked, by what human counsels, by the device of what wisdom, this had been accomplished? And *we* should have been constrained, if we might conceive ourselves answering him across that great abyss of time, to tell him, that no device of man *could* have brought this about; that it was one of those developments of the counsels of a higher Ruler than the mind of man, which must fill us with admiration, and convince us that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." For, *how* had this been brought about? By mechanical inventions like printing; by more economical arrangements in the distribution of books; by the efforts of benevolent individuals too, no doubt; and by the awakened thirst for knowledge on the part of the masses of people. But all these causes had been working gradually, and almost insensibly, during more than a thousand years. There was another incident in the history of book education in England. Fifty years or more after the time of Alcuin, there lived another great Englishman, whose name was perhaps better known among us, and deserved to be remembered, as one of the greatest depositaries of the civil power, in the history of mankind,—Alfred the King of Wessex, and afterwards of England. It was not so generally known concerning him, as many other things which yet were not so much to his honour, that Alfred had thought, although long before his time, deeply, earnestly and

practically, on the subject of popular book education. He would say a word or two to illustrate the wonderfulness of such an idea and such an undertaking in a Saxon king of the ninth century. What *was* a book in that age? The parchment or vellum, on which a single copy was written, was a matter of vast expense; and the labours of a scribe, for a long period, copying it in letters of much larger size than those of a printed volume, were devoted to every single copy apart. We could understand, then, how, naturally, the price of these copies was enormous. But, suppose, then, the learned head of a monastery wished to add to his library some book, the name and character of which he knew, where was it to be found? He lived at York; he would inquire was it at Canterbury? If it proved not to be in the Cathedral library at Canterbury, then he would seek it at Paris or at Rome. He would have often to send to the head of some ecclesiastical library, at a distance, to request the loan of a book, to make a copy for his own monastery; and he would have to leave a large deposit as security for the restoration of the book. Then, was *he* not a bold man, and one in advance of his time, who, in such circumstances as these, could venture to think of such a thing as popular education? But Alfred *did* venture to think of it, and not altogether without result. In those days, the writers and readers of books were almost exclusively ecclesiastics, and the books almost all written in the ecclesiastical language, Latin; and as, in the invasions of the Danes, the monasteries were often desolated, the ecclesiastics slain, and their libraries destroyed, this had caused Alfred to feel the inconvenience of all knowledge being shut up in a dead language; and he wrote to all the bishops of the council of his kingdom, saying that it would be a good thing, if it were required, firstly, that men should be educated in the knowledge of their own tongue; and then, if they transferred, out of the dead language, as much as possible of the precious knowledge of the time, into the native Saxon speech. Alfred set the example himself, nobly; he translated the ancient history of the realm, by the Venerable Bede, into the Anglo-Saxon language of the people; and there were several other instances of his good sense, in choosing subjects for translation and compilation for the popular use. And although, from the causes already mentioned, very much could not be effected in this way, still something was done; since we found a teacher, some time after Alfred, saying in his book, "The subject of which I am going to speak has already been treated in one of the works of Alfred the king; but inasmuch as I cannot suppose you have *all* read it, I will repeat it here." There was no other kingdom of Europe, in that age, where such an expression as this used by Ælfric, "I cannot suppose you have *all* read it," would not have been altogether unmeaning; it is a proof that in England their efforts had not been absolutely of *no* avail to teach the people to read. And yet, what was effected by Alfred in comparison with that which in the present day was within our reach; and which had now been actually effected, within a few hundred yards of this spot, not for ecclesiastics and men of leisure only, but for the general population of this village and neighbourhood? One reflection occurred to him upon this. Excellent men had doubted whether it would be good for the mass of the people to have book education. It might be admitted that there were even good men among those who had thought so; we could afford to make this generous admission, since the victory was now so decidedly upon our side. He believed that Wordsworth, the poet, for example, was a man not without sympathy for the working classes; he had none of that foolish pride of the man of letters which could lead him to fancy that there was no education except book education; but he respected the education of the hands, and of the head too, which the working man acquires in his labour and experience of life, and in his daily intercourse with his fellow-men. He had a sympathy with the hearts, too, of the working classes; and yet such a man as he, who succeeded so well in making the working classes interesting to other classes, *did* express serious doubts whether the working classes would gain either happiness or anything else of value by giving them book education. Now he (Professor Scott) was compelled to consider—Was this a question that Wordsworth, or any one else, was called on to decide? Was it not an inevitable thing, which must be, whether we liked it or not? Had not the course of ages made it manifest that book education, diffusing itself from the ecclesiastical order, as from a centre—then became an object of envy

to the aristocratic class, because they saw the clergy were, in virtue of their book education, the only class who were capable of conducting public affairs, after the book and pen had become stronger than the spear and shield; wherefore the aristocracy procured education for themselves, and the Inns of Court were especially intended to qualify gentlemen for political offices and dignities. Then Providence coming in, rather than human skill, with the invention of printing, to make books accessible to numbers of people of whom Alcuin and King Alfred never could have dreamed as readers,—had not, through all these influences, the book education of the people been the result of inevitable progress? Let us look at the books and literature of England, at the time of the Reformation, and down to the reign of Elizabeth. It was then possible for books to be, comparatively speaking, read by the general public; there were vast classes then reading, who were not exactly the labouring class, as now we understood the term, but the mercantile and trading class, the *tiers état*. This was mainly due to the invention of printing; and what followed? Because they read, people wrote for them, and expressing in their writings the feelings of that class, addressing their interests, and taking them up into the living literature of the country. Now, it was a grand thing for a country that its literature should be felt throughout the whole life of the nation, and express the feelings of the whole nation. It was a bad thing for a literature to be narrow. We had heard of class legislation; there might also be a class literature. There was a purely ecclesiastical literature, and also a court literature: in the reign of Louis XIV. in France, poetry, and history, and other things, were written purposely for the court gentlemen and ladies, so as to be expressive of their views and sympathies,—a mere emanation of their life. Such a court literature,—and we should be ashamed of the remembrance,—we had also in England in the time of Charles II. The literature of a nation could not be so rich, it could not so adequately *tell* all that was in it, nor serve all the uses of a literature, until it could first address itself to the *whole* people, and until there could be such a response from the bosom of the whole population, that the literature should utter the thoughts and feelings, and express the life of all. It was only by the people all reading, that writers could learn to address themselves to the whole people. If the people will read, depend upon it the voice of their social life will find its expression in the literature of the nation. Those classes which *read* would be represented in literature. Upon such an occasion as this, it was a tacit agreement that politics should be avoided, and it was a reasonable and proper one. But, without violating that rule, he would ask, what had this progressive diffusion of book education to do with the political history of nations? He thought, very much to do with it. In this country we were proud of our representative institutions, and of those assemblies in which the national voice was heard and the variety of classes and opinions represented, in a manner characteristic of England, by every man being allowed to speak his mind freely, that so a result might be attained more secure than could be got by hearing only partial opinions. We were now beginning, also, to have, more or less perfectly, a representative function of literature, which seemed likely to modify greatly the functions of those venerable representative political bodies,—if he (Professor Scott) might presume to say this, in the presence of members of the great national assembly. They would understand what he meant. A political measure, proposed in this country, was now so discussed in the newspapers and pamphlets, week after week and day after day, if the nation was really interested in it, that when it came to be discussed in the House of Commons, there was some little risk that the hon. members of that House would have nothing to say about it but what had been already said; and that they would not be able to come to any conclusion on it, except that conclusion which, as they must be perfectly aware, the nation had already come to for them. Now, it would be understood what he meant by a representative literature, and how a purely book education might have something to do with the political condition of a people. But literature was something more than this. He should like to trace the thoughts and feelings which characterized the artizan at his loom, the labouring man at his plough or his trade, represented to the mind of the whole nation, as emphatically as those of the influential classes. He would like to have the Burns of every class and occupation, to make us feel that there was poetry in every region of human

life, and that each class of society, from its own peculiar point of view, might contribute something to the national mind and thought. If, in such a representative literature, we could get the mind of the whole nation, in this manner, to speak out, the result would be found most valuable to our social welfare. But unless all classes would read, literature would not prepare itself for them, would not address them, and there would not be a voice for each of them in the grand national assembly of literature. There was yet a higher consideration. Let all England be represented in English literature, from the Queen, and the peer, the great landed proprietor, with all his venerable influences, and the great manufacturing proprietor of the means of industry, to the humblest and narrowest forms of labour; let all these be represented, with all their feelings and sympathies; but not only the England of to-day, but the England of past ages,—not only the Europe of to-day, but the Europe of past ages. He might invite them to listen to the debates of a representative assembly, where all these spoke out continually,—to the library. There spoke the great men, the earnest men, the thoughtful men,—the men who would constrain us to think that there was something good in ages which had appeared before to be altogether barbarous; and who would make us feel that there was something wise in opinions which had seemed to us to be so opposite to our own previous opinions. It was worth our while to listen in *that* representative assembly, that we might not be carried away by this or that authority. The advantage of this representative principle running through all English society was, that opinions balanced one another, and opposite parties came to sympathize with one another, so that a compromise which had in it nothing dishonest on either side, was agreed to at length, and something wiser than any individual opinion could be was the result of this balanced action. Such was the result of study, duly used; such was the result of communing with the good and the wise of past ages—hearing their august voices balancing and harmonizing one another, in their views of what was best and wisest for humanity, and in their views of what human nature, with its capacities, seemed to them to be. In short, he believed that the progress of book education, from class to class, and from order to order, from minorities to the majority, had been an inevitable thing,—that it could not but have been. Our endeavour, then, must be, not to arrest or control it in any way, but to get from it the maximum of good with the minimum of evil of which it was capable. He believed, next, that the gradual diffusion, through all classes of the people, of book education, must have influences of a great and important kind upon literature itself. It had political influences, too, of a more direct and obvious kind; and this he would venture to say, that it was some presumption in favour of a man's political views, if he wished that everybody should be able to understand them; and that he, who was an advocate of general education, held forth at least that presumption in favour of his political belief. There were many honest and good men, also, who had entertained a doubt whether political power, even in the hands of those classes of the people who were now in possession of it,—and especially if there were an extension of political power,—would be advantageous. On what ground? Because they doubted whether there were a sufficient enlightenment of that class of the community. Well, then, we could all agree in this,—that if such were the objection, it was one that could be removed, and that we should remove it, so far as we could. He believed that great political good, in the best sense of the word, would ensue from the people acquiring an increased capacity of understanding books, and of reasoning upon important subjects; and that the result would be the promotion ultimately of the best political measures.

THE UNHAPPY APPRENTICES OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

We reprint the following humane letter from the *Leicestershire Mercury*.

London, 29th January, 1853.

Sir,—I regret to see in a report of the *Mercury* of the 22nd inst., evidence of a great misconception as to the state of the law for the protection of that helpless and suffering class—I mean, chimney-sweepers' boys. It appears that a number of master sweeps came before the Mayor and other magistrates, when facts were stated which shewed several of the men had been guilty of gross acts of illegality. Children of tender years had been employed as sweeps, one of them, a poor little creature not six years old, who had ran

away three several times from his oppressor. Another young child had been struck and wounded to compel him to ascend chimneys. Many other lads were shewn to have undergone similar treatment. The Mayor is reported to have let these offenders off with a very gentle admonition, telling them to find proper lodgings for the boys they employed, and that they must not take boys under eight years of age. Now, Sir, many of your readers who are not accustomed to look at Acts of Parliament, must have been shocked with this. They must have supposed, whether the beating of the poor little victim was justifiable or not, that at all events boys not under eight years of age may be apprenticed to this miserable life, and may be compelled to ascend chimneys. I am happy, Sir, in being able to refer to the provisions of a statute, which shew that we do not lie under this disgrace, and that the law is in a very proper state on this subject, if magistrates will but enforce it. The statute is the 85th chapter of the 3rd and 4th Victoria. The 2nd section provides that after a given day *(now past,* and which allowed sufficient time to make any necessary alterations in chimneys) any person who shall compel or knowingly allow any child or young person under the age of twenty-one years to ascend, or descend, a chimney, or enter a flue, for the purpose of sweeping, cleaning, or coring the same, or for extinguishing fire therein, shall be liable to a penalty of not more than £10, or less than £5. Section 3rd declares that after 7th August, 1840, it shall not be lawful to apprentice to any chimney-sweeper any child under the age of sixteen years; and every indenture of such apprentice shall be void. Other provisions follow for the protection of children, and for the proper construction of chimneys. But I have quoted enough to shew that no child can be apprenticed under sixteen to a chimney-sweep, *on any pretence whatever,* and that no one under the full age of twenty-one can be compelled, *or even allowed,* to ascend or descend a chimney. It will be no excuse to say that a chimney is not properly constructed to admit the brush. That will be the fault of the owner. Still less will it be an excuse that a fire in the chimney wants extinguishing. So cruel a defence would but aggravate the charge. In conclusion, I have only to call pointed attention to this fact, that the master sweeps are not the only persons amenable to the law. Any other person assisting in an illegal apprenticeship may be indicted, and any person having control over a house, be it gentleman or even lady, who *permits* any one under age to mount the chimney for sweeping purposes, may be brought before Justices and fined in £10 and costs; and, in default of payment, may be committed to the House of Correction. I feel sure that I may trust to your feelings of humanity to insert this communication in your next paper.

A Barrister.

THE MILTON CLUB DINNER.

We have had occasion already to allude with disapprobation to the exclusive character of the Milton Club, limited to *Evangelical* Dissenters. A demonstration, originating with the Committee of the Club, took place at the London Tavern, on Wednesday, Feb. 16, in the form of a public dinner to the Evangelical Dissenting Members of Parliament. Considerable efforts were made to give the meeting importance, by summoning from the provinces ministers and laymen of high religious and social mark. Nor were the efforts unsuccessful. Four hundred guests attended, including representatives from upwards of seventy towns. The Members of Parliament (fifteen in number) present were—Sir J. Anderson (Stirling), Sir G. Goodman (Leeds), and Messrs. E. Ball (Cambridgeshire), T. Barnes (Bolton), J. Bell (Guildford), J. Cheetham (S. Lancashire), F. Crossley (Halifax), G. Hadfield (Sheffield), C. Hindley (Ashton), J. Kershaw (Stockport), E. Miall (Rochdale), R. Milligan (Bradford), A. Pellatt (Southwark), S. M. Peto (Norwich), and J. Pilkington (Blackburn).

We have no hesitation in admitting the general propriety and even excellence of the speeches delivered at this meeting; but, as Nonconformists, we feel that a wrong has been done to our common principles by the narrow basis of the whole affair. Let us not be misunderstood. We rejoice that able and zealous Independents and Baptists like Mr. Cheetham, Mr. Miall, Mr. Peto and others, have been returned as representatives of important English constituencies. It is satisfactory to us, as liberal politicians, to have such stanch and reliable friends of civil and religious liberty in the House of Commons. We anticipate good results

from their experience and influence on the religious communities to which they are attached. The Independents in particular will, we hope, be led by their members to take enlarged and national, not narrow and sectarian, views of great questions. Farther, we feel not the slightest regret that gentlemen holding Evangelical opinions and raised to Parliamentary rank, should on all proper occasions give to their religious body the *prestige* of their names. But when these gentlemen and their religious friends meet together, having first deliberately excluded from their association a portion of the Nonconformist body, they are not entitled to speak and act for the entire body. At this dinner there were several acts of indiscretion of this kind. With much surprise, too, we observe the remark of the editor of the *Nonconformist*, himself far superior in intelligence and true liberality to the founders of this Club, that it "will remain as a bond of union between *Nonconformists of all shades of opinion.*" We fear the result will, on the contrary, be mischievous and tend to disunion. The determination of these gentlemen to ignore Unitarians as a portion of the English Nonconformist body, is as unwise as it is unjust. Candid and well-informed men like Mr. Miall would be not slow to acknowledge the past services to religious liberty of Unitarians, both in and out of Parliament. We hope and expect that Unitarian Members of Parliament will not allow any feeling of resentment at the slight put upon them by these *Evangelical* Dissenters to diminish their zealous co-operation with the friends of religious liberty of every sect and party.—We have alluded already to the unexceptionable character of most of the speeches. We would particularly notice that of Mr. John Cheetham, the able representative of South Lancashire. It was, in part, whether or not he intended it to be such, a rebuke of the narrow policy of the founders and conductors of the Milton Club, who seem disposed to pare down the great principles of religious liberty to conformity with the views of a clique of Dissenters calling themselves *Evangelical.* After alluding markedly to the fact that he and the other members present had not been returned to the House of Commons upon the ground of Dissenting principles—that they had not thrust themselves upon constituencies, but had been solicited to come forward, and had raised no Dissenting battle-cry, he proceeded to say—"I trust we shall always remember that we enter the House of Commons as representing all our fellow-citizens of these different shades of opinions, and *that we shall never be distinguished as a mere Dissenting clique*, but be found at all times and in all cases advocates of liberal opinions, and that we shall use our utmost efforts to promote the institutions of the country and carry prosperity through the land. I think, Sir, this is a point of great interest to us; for surprised as we may be at seeing the numerous list of Nonconformist members in the House of Commons, I have no doubt that the numbers would be very considerably increased under a faithful representation of the people of England in the House of Commons."

VIOLATION OF THE REGISTRATION ACT—BURIAL WITHOUT REGISTRAR'S CERTIFICATE.

This subject has some bearings of importance to Dissenting Ministers. We therefore take from recent Nos. of the "Justice of the Peace," some remarks on the subject.

"The advantages attendant upon the establishment of a general registry of births, deaths and marriages, are confessedly so important, that any violation of the provisions of the statutes by which it is enforced cannot be too strictly treated. It may be true that the carrying out of its details may in practice produce some trifling inconvenience to those who are for the time being affected by it. But the same objection applies to every other system requiring parties to furnish gratuitous information of facts within their cognizance, which must necessarily, to a certain degree, act harshly, if not sometimes even unjustly. Looking at the question, therefore, simply with a view to the interests of the public, we confess ourselves well pleased at finding the non-observance of the provisions of these statutes jealously watched and rigorously punished if proved to be intentional. There is scarcely any branch of the public service more satisfactorily worked than this, and the only way to maintain it in its present state of efficiency and usefulness is to carefully guard against its being impaired by neglect. Several instances have recently occurred which shew that the Registrar-General views the matter in

this light: one of them is reported in our present number, and, as it possesses some peculiarities, we have thought it advisable pointedly to call the reader's attention to it.

"It will be remembered that by the 27th section of the 6 and 7 Will. IV. c. 86, the Registrar, immediately after registering a death, or as soon after as he is required to do so, is bound to deliver a certificate of registry to the undertaker or other person having charge of the funeral. This certificate the undertaker or other person is equally bound to deliver 'to the minister or officiating person who shall be required to bury or perform any religious service for the burial of the dead body.' The section then goes on to provide that 'if any dead body shall be buried for which no such certificate shall have been so delivered, the person who shall bury or perform any funeral or any religious service for the burial, shall forthwith give notice thereof to the registrar,' under a penalty of £10, unless he gives it within seven days. In the early part of the last week in November, an information, under which the defendant was convicted, was laid under this section against the sexton and parish clerk in Studland, in Dorsetshire, for having buried the body of a male child born alive, without having obtained any certificate of death from the registrar, or given notice thereof to the registrar within the seven days, as required by the statute. The facts of the case seem to have been undisputed, the only defence offered being, that the child had not been baptized. This defence was, of course, very properly, overruled, as the statute makes it an offence to bury '*any* dead body' without the certificate or subsequent notice, irrespective of any question as to whether the party had been baptized or not."

The Editors of the "Justice of the Peace" aver, that, according to the Act, the only party bound to give information to the registrar of the burial of an unregistered body is the clergyman or officiating minister, the responsibility belonging to the Dissenting minister in such a case equally with the clergyman, and expressing, therefore, a doubt of the legality of the conviction of the sexton, who was the offending and convicted party at Studland, no religious service whatever having been performed in that case. The Registrar-General pronounces this opinion "erroneous." The Editors repeat and defend their opinion. Without discussing this legal point, we may quote the words of Mr. Freeland Filliter, of Wareham, to whose intelligence and public spirit we owe the discussion of the subject. He very properly observes to the Editors, "If *your* construction is correct, what a serious consequence arises, viz., 'that any person not a minister may evade the Act, and the bodies of young infants, born alive, be disposed of without check by private interment, *unregistered*, and no particulars or cause of death being given or asked for.' Weighty reasons, suggested by past events, exist for preserving the means of checking interments of this sort," &c.

OBITUARY.

Jan. 18, at Dorchester, Mary Jane, the eldest daughter of Mr. John Bishop, of that town. The death we thus record belongs to that class which form the most mysterious of all the dealings of Heavenly Wisdom. It is comparatively easy to bow the heart in resignation when the mortal summons calls those away whose heads are grey with the snows of age, and who have had full opportunities of usefulness and ample leisure for improvement; but when we see the shadow of death overcast the morning of a young and promising existence, it is impossible not to feel that "God moves in a dark, mysterious way," and that only in humble, unquestioning faith can bereaved affection find repose. In the present case, the life that has been cut short was one of unusual promise. With a mind richly endowed by nature, and carefully improved by discipline and culture, it was the cherished purpose of the deceased to become the guide and instructress of a large circle of younger brothers and sisters. This object gave a stimulus to her studies, and invested them with a sacredness and value that kept within very narrow limits the desire for recreations and pleasures that is so apt to seize with too strong a hold on the buoyant mind of youth. But God willed otherwise, or rather, He willed that she should become a teacher to those she loved so well in another way than that which she herself had planned. Between

three and four years ago there appeared the first indications of that insidious malady which beautifies what it so surely destroys, and soon its marks became so confirmed as to bring clearly before her own view, as well as that of her friends, the certain prospect of an early death. Not without a struggle were the schemes formed in healthy and hopeful days abandoned; but faith at length obtained a perfect triumph, and the memory of the gentle patience, the cheerful resignation and the trusting acquiescence evinced by her in the two last declining years of her life, will ever abide a cherished and sanctifying recollection with those who now mourn her loss. Familiar as the writer of this notice is with the chamber of sickness and the bed of death, he has never witnessed an instance of a more steady and willing contemplation of the approach of the last great change, as the appointment of heavenly love, and the necessary precursor to diviner peace and holier occupation than earth can afford. With brightened vision she looked beyond the cold flood to the land of promise, and rejoiced in the thought that death would re-unite her to loved friends who had gone before, and introduce her to fuller communion with God and a closer walk with Christ. Her state of mind, when looking forward to her own death, may be gathered from the following touching letter to a dear friend who had just lost a sister. Stepping out of the circle of her own griefs to sympathize with others, she says, "In the midst of the stillness of your deep sorrow I only write, my dear M., to ask that you will give me also a place in your circle; that, though absent, you will admit me to your sympathy and let me weep with you. Words of consolation I may not offer; my own heart tells me that at such a time they would be vain. God alone can know the agony of suffering caused by the tearing asunder of ties so closely drawn around the heart, and He only will and can give strength in the lonely hours of nature's strife. We will only bless Him that He has taught us to love Him, and given us an assurance that we are united with His family above. Our loved ones are not lost to us if they dwell in our Father's home."

The same deep trust in God is shewn in all the various papers written by her during her illness, in which she was accustomed to pour forth her inmost feelings. The following is from an entry in her diary on the last day of eighteen hundred and fifty-one:—"The last day of the old year! Drearily enough thou goest out, old friend, weeping dripping tears. * * * The last day of the old year! I shall never watch the dying hours of his swift successor. The last old year for me! Henceforth mine shall be always new. I think and hope now that all no more expect me to recover; and I would not that it should be so. * * * Death is a solemn mystery. It is altogether different contemplating it in health, and when you feel yourself drawing daily nearer to its severing embrace; for such it seems to us, and it is sad to part from those so very dear; but my trust is strong that even through the period which must intervene before they too shall come, my love shall not be separated from them: and I tell them so, that they may listen for me in the breeze and on the up-heaving spirit-music; even as I now hear faint snatches of the angels' melodies. In the midst of this world of broken ties, there is One which remains the same for time and for eternity—God's love supreme, *here* and *there*. On this all-sufficing thought willingly does the frail heart lean, reposing its great load of life. And so through this faith I am strong, I am fearless: my Father will always shield His little one, even as He has done. * * * It is nearly twelve o'clock, and the band is playing lively music in the streets. It is ungrateful so to dismiss the old year; they should wail for him rather; he has been very bountiful. After all, perhaps it is the truer philosophy which looks onward to the future instead of mourning the past. Good bye, old year! you are nearly gone. Good bye, dear old year, good old year! I love you dearly, even for those same tears. May God bless and keep all my loved ones through this and every mortal year!"

Her end was not so near as she imagined when the above was written; and under the date of the following July 12th we find this record in her diary:—"And now the spring has bloomed into summer, and the time is gone by when last year I quitted H. Then I thought that I should long ere this have been called to the dearer home. I did not hope to see another summer; and yet, here I am, still filling my place, and, I trust, not quite cumbering the ground. It would be

sad indeed could I not believe 'They also serve who stand and wait,' and that good influences may flow alike from silent *being* as from active *doing*. And there lies the question, whether my inner life is true and high enough to fulfil that holy mission towards which E. K. was looking when she said, 'You will do so much for them by living amongst them.' Ah! that is the very highest and subtlest power God has lent us to exercise; and one may well fear to mar its wondrous workings by a tainting of the pure fountains, whose unseen, though not unfelt, issues permeate the whole stream of human thought. * * * May I, dare I, hope to bear a purer garment to the feast when the summons comes? My robes may perchance be whiter, they must be surely, if so they may be cleansed in hot-dropping human tears. Sometimes I feel that the angels delay so long their call to try whether all this time I will be patient, I have listened for it so long. Patience, then, yet longer! My body surely is too frail to hold the spirit many months: it would be beautiful to be buried in the autumn with the flowers." And then, after giving expression to some fears as to the health of some of those nearest and dearest to her, she continues—"Oh! God send us strength! These thoughts press at times almost too heavily. Yet I will bear witness that God is always very good, very kind in all his dealings. I will bear witness of the deep, still joy which enwraps my life, never failing in its gentle soothings and whispers of the spirit-land. I do not feel that sadness really touches *me;* it falls off from me, leaving me calm and still; the child always clinging to the Father; and so through tears there comes a smile, and gentler tears fall then, for the angels are listening to hear them drop; and the human garment of woe slips off, leaving me free, untrammelled in the garment divine of peace and trust. * * * It seems as though sorrow had done her worst—say, indeed, her best, for me. If it were possible for me to resume a healthy life and mix in the world again, I might find myself mistaken. But I have ceased to look that way; my life takes quite another course."

We would willingly quote more from our departed friend's diary, and from other of her papers, all breathing the truest spirit of Christian hope and resignation; but the fear of occupying too much space forbids. The end of such a life, when at length it came, was, as might be expected from the reconciled composedness with which it had been contemplated, very calm and peaceful. Were we to draw aside the veil which rests on the bed of death, the picture presented would be that of one worn down by the pangs of a consuming disease, her pale features flushed with the sunset light of decay, yet suffering with uncomplaining resignation, and awaiting the issue with a feeling equally remote from defiance and from fear. But we forbear. Of such scenes it were a desecration to expose them to the public gaze; rather let those most closely connected with the departed embalm the thought of her peaceful transition in the holiest sanctuary of the soul's affections, rejoicing in the assurance that "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The earthly remains of the deceased were buried in the Unitarian chapel, Dorchester, the Rev. J. L. Short, of Bridport, officiating on the occasion; and on the following Sunday evening the event was improved in an appropriate discourse in the same place, by the Rev. M. Rowntree, of Poole.

Liverpool. F. B.

Jan. 28, in the 75th year of his age, Mr. John Barrow, of Stockport. He was the oldest member and an invariable attendant, unless prevented by illness, on the services of the Unitarian church. Mild and unobtrusive in his manners, he was still a firm and consistent maintainer of his principles. Devoted and affectionate to his family, his memory will be cherished and his loss severely felt.

Francis Hornblower, the fourth child of William and Sophia Hornblower, was born at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, April, 1812. The family had been resident for two centuries in the northern part of Worcestershire. Puritan from the very beginning of Puritanism, it remained throughout unswerving in its adherence to the principles of Nonconformity. The subject of this notice reckoned among his ancestors Richard Sargent, one of the ejected ministers, and the assistant of Baxter at Kidderminster. His great-grandfather's brother, Thomas Hornblower, was minister of a Dissenting congregation at Cam, in Gloucestershire, about the middle of the last century. The father

of Francis died when he was a boy; but his mother, a most devout and excellent woman, laboured not unsuccessfully to impart to him her own earnest and religious spirit. His destination was trade; but during his apprenticeship in Stourbridge, he never forgot his true vocation: he took a lively interest in the services of the Presbyterian chapel there, displayed thus early that attachment to religious duties and philanthropic exertion which accompanied him through life, and commended himself to those who knew him by that graciousness of nature and charm of manner which so remarkably distinguished and so universally endeared him.

In 1833, at the age of twenty-one, he transferred himself to Manchester, where he continued to exhibit the union of diligence in business and spiritual fervour. He then, to the great regret of his Manchester friends, removed to Liverpool, where, in 1838, he commenced business as a tea-merchant, and married Jane Elizabeth, the younger and now the only surviving daughter of William Roscoe, the biographer of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo the Tenth. His residence in Liverpool was in many respects a very happy one. His delight in society, his refined tastes and his various sympathies, met with ample gratification; and he never lost an opportunity of manifesting his interest in religion, philanthropy, politics, literature and music. He bestowed no small attention upon the Ragged Schools, and occasionally conducted the services of the Mission Chapel. But his very unworldly, unsuspicious and tender nature, unfitted him for business. Its anxieties preyed upon his health and aggravated his natural tendency to rheumatism.

The cares of this world, however, enlarged his spiritual nature. His true vocation was at last made plain to him; and in 1849, he undertook the charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Nantwich, and preached from the pulpit once occupied by Dr. Priestley, but altogether unoccupied for some years previous to Mr. Hornblower's arrival at Nantwich. Here, assisted by the counsels and efforts of his admirable wife, he laboured most assiduously and devotedly till his most lamented death, last January. A closed meeting-house was to be re-opened—a congregation was to be created: this, too, was to be attempted in a little town, dull, decayed and bigoted. He encountered these difficulties with resolute perseverance, and not without success. The poor were attracted within the deserted walls. Few could labour more diligently to promote the welfare of their flock in every way.

His health, however, continued very feeble. On Saturday, Jan. 22, after a pastoral visit, he was seized with shivering fits; rheumatic fever came on, and penetrated to the heart; and on Monday, Jan. 31, he breathed his last, in the forty-first year of his age.

In him his deeply-afflicted wife has lost a most affectionate husband, his nearer circle a much-loved kinsman and friend, and the church and the world a devoted minister and a delightful member of society.

Feb. 5, of paralysis, at her residence, in Richard Street, Cornwall Road, Lambeth, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Worton Randell, aged 61. Her maiden name was Mills, and she was granddaughter of the Rev. John Mills, pastor for many years of the General Baptist church, St. Thomas's Street, Portsmouth. She was born at March, in Cambridgeshire, but lived for some years before her marriage with her uncle, the late Mr. James Brent. After her marriage with Mr. Randell (whose family were members of the General Baptist church at Chichester, lately revived under the Rev. John Hill), she resided in London; and in 1829, she and Mr. Randell joined the General Baptist church, then removed from Worship Street, and established in Trinity Place, and afterwards in Coles Street, in the Borough, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Joseph C. Means, now of Chatham. Of this church Mr. Randell was soon after chosen one of the deacons, and they continued in membership with it both during and after Mr. Means's ministry; and though the removal of the church to Dockhead, and other circumstances, of late years prevented Mrs. Randell's attendance, she remained constant in the principles in which she had been brought up. She worshiped for some years with the Unitarian congregation in Stamford Street, and afterwards attended Carter Lane, where she much enjoyed the earnest services of the Rev. H. Solly. She was distinguished by the piety and consistency of her character, and by the sweetness of her disposition, which won the warm affection of all who knew her. In her was realized the wise man's description of the good

wife (Prov. xxxi. 28)—"Her children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her." A happy union of more than thirty years has been broken by the stroke of death; but that heavenly hope which cheered her own life, now leads her surviving family and friends to anticipate a happy re-union in the presence of God. She has left, beside her sorrowing partner, a son and daughter to lament her loss, and to recal and copy her excellence.

Her remains were interred in the ground attached to the General Baptist meeting-house in Worship Street, the last offices being rendered by her former pastor, Mr. Means, who had ever retained a cordial esteem for her Christian worth.

Feb. 6, at his residence, Rax House, Bridport, Dorset, after a few days' illness, William Colfox, Esq., in the 69th year of his age. The removal of this excellent man from the midst of us has been a source of the deepest regret to a large circle of friends. Fond of retirement, as he avowedly was, there were few offices in the town of his birth and the sphere of his life which he had not been called upon to fill. Immediately after the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the borough, and it is somewhat remarkable that the date of his commission in 1836 corresponds precisely with that of his death in 1853. In the old corporation and in the new he had filled the highest offices, and to the period of his death was one of the Aldermen of the latter. In all these spheres Mr. Colfox discharged the duties devolving upon him with the most scrupulous integrity. Integrity of character was, indeed, one of his most prominent traits. It was manifested in every relation—in his religious and social, as well as in his political life. He had early anchored his mind fast upon certain great principles and truths which by a large portion of his fellows were deemed heretical; but none of the temptations, by which men in his position are surrounded, to hide them or to adapt them to the fashion of the day, ever had power to shake for a moment his adherence to them. His faith in them grew up with him, and grew old with him. It seems never to have suffered any distractions or perplexities, and the invariable consistency with which he acted upon it obtained for him a large share of respect and honour.

Another marked characteristic of our friend was his humility. We do not mean that timidity of character which often assumes the name of humility and claims its reward, for he was steadily and manfully opposed to pride and vice and craftiness. He neither flattered profligacy nor fawned on power; but his humility kept him from overstepping his own province, and from making pretensions to other talents than those with which he had been endowed. Seldom have we known a man who has so well combined this estimable quality with those other and equally important characteristics which ensure a desirable amount of self-respect and the respect of others.

With these estimable traits Mr. Colfox combined yet another—it was the heartiness of his friendship. Under a calm and placid manner, with no pretence or show, there was the kindliest of natures. His heart was a fountain of loving-kindness, always gushing up and running over. Time never checked its stream nor dried up a drop of it. What a cordial greeting he would give us! There were but few words, yet there were a kindliness and sincerity about them that went to the very heart. How sadly shall we miss him in the family and social circle! And sadly will he be missed beyond them. Quiet and unostentatious as his manner was, his loss will be felt not so much immediately as in coming time. The poor will miss him, for often did he aid them unobtrusively. The labourers in his service will miss him, for he always took an interest in their welfare and manifested a kindly sympathy in their affairs. The supporters of our institutions will miss him, for he was ready at their call to aid them; and especially will his fellow-worshipers deplore their loss, for he was always punctual in his attendance upon public worship, and a liberal supporter of that truth which was dear to his heart.

Peace be with his spirit! That, we doubt not, has entered upon the joys and glories of a better state than this. His mortal remains were laid in the family vault, in the chapel-yard through which he had passed to public worship from his childhood; and the last sad offices over them were performed by one who had found in him one of the kindest, sincerest and most faithful friends. J. L. S.

MARRIAGES.

1852. Dec. 25, by Rev. D. Griffith, Mr. A. Farquharson, Spital, to Helen, eldest daughter of Mrs. C. Whalley, Skene Square, Aberdeen.

Dec. 30, at Trim-Street chapel, Bath, by Rev. Jerom Murch, Mr. Joseph Wilmetts, of Barnstaple, to Miss Anne Virgin, of Bath.

Dec. 31, at Bank-Street chapel, Bolton, by Rev. Franklin Baker, M.A., Mr. John Haydock to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Lomax.

Dec. 31, at Bank-Street chapel, Bolton, Mr. William Crompton to Hannah, daughter of Mr. John Kirkham.

1853. Jan. 1, at Bank-Street chapel, Bolton, Mr. Phineas Shuttleworth to Mrs. Happy Barrow, widow.

Jan. 1, in the Unitarian chapel, Chowbent, by Rev. M. C. Frankland, Mr. Samuel Manley to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Allen, of Manchester.

Jan. 2, at Blackwater chapel, Rochdale, Mr. James Hill, of Spotland, to Miss Mary Ann Greenlees, of Rochdale.

Jan. 5, at the Upper chapel, Sheffield, by Rev. T. Hincks, B.A., Charles Jos. Hill, Esq., of Manchester, to Henrietta, only daughter of T. A. Ward, Esq., of Park House, near Sheffield.

Jan. 8, in the Unitarian chapel, Portsmouth, by Rev. Henry Hawkes, Mr. Wm. Humphreys, of Southsea, to Miss Matilda Ann Andrews, of Portsea, both teachers in the Sunday-school connected with the chapel.

Jan. 11, at Barton-Street chapel, Gloucester, by Rev. J. Taplin, of Tavistock, George Pullin Hinton, Esq., of Bristol, solicitor, to Mary Eliza, widow of Mr. John Lane, late of Yew-tree House, near Malvern Wells, Worcestershire.

Jan. 15, at St. Olave's, Exeter, Rev. John Ingle, B.A., Head Master of the Cathedral Grammar-school, Ely, to Annette Catherine, eldest daughter of Rev. C. R. Roper, M.A., of Mount-Radford House, near Exeter.—We record this marriage in consequence of the peculiar ceremonies with which, according to the *Western Times* of Jan. 22, it was accompanied. The parties contracting this marriage are said to be zealous *Tractarians*. The bride and bridegroom were called openly in the face of the church on three successive Sundays, marriage by license being deemed uncanonical by persons of this party in the Church. In marriage by banns, the Church contemplates that the banns shall be called in the parish in which the parties reside. Mr. Ingle had accordingly taken up his domicile in the parish of St. Olave, and was "published" as John Ingle, a sojourner at the "Oat Sheaf," in that parish. The marriage ceremony lasted an inordinately long time—some three hours in all. There were divers mystic ceremonies, which rather puzzled the crowded congregation which had assembled to witness the ceremony. The bride was marched from the body of the church to the altar and back again; then the ring was waved twice around her head by a gentleman in canonicals, and the usual service being finished, a sermon followed. The sermon being over, the Sacrament was administered, and, at length, the rites concluded. There was a strong mustering of clergy of the Tractarian party. All the clergymen wore their academical robes and college caps.

Jan. 25, at the Upper chapel, Sheffield, by Rev. T. Hincks, Thomas Danby, Esq., of Sheffield, to Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the Master Cutler, Michael Hunter, Esq.

Jan. 27, at Lewes, Joseph Ewart, Esq., of Manchester, to Cordelia, youngest daughter of George Molineux, Esq., banker, Lewes.

Jan. 30, at the Old chapel, Dukinfield, by Rev. James Malcolm, of Chester, Mr. Julius Schofield, of Lane End, Quickmere, to Miss Alice Cliff, of Sandbed, Quickmere.

Jan. 30, at Bank-Street chapel, Bolton, by Rev. Franklin Baker, M.A., Mr. Thos. Smith to Mary, daughter of Mr. Thomas Roscoe, of the same place.

Feb. 1, at the High-Pavement chapel, Nottingham, by Rev. B. Carpenter, Mr. William P. Meldrum to Miss M. A. Bloom.

Feb. 9, at the Old chapel, Dukinfield, by Rev. R. Brook Aspland, M.A., Mr. Benjamin Harrop to Miss Mary Harrop, both of Dukinfield.

Feb. 10, at Bank-Street chapel, Bolton, by Rev. Franklin Baker, M.A., Mr. Josh. Crook to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Gerrard, of the same place.

Feb. 11, at the Stockport Unitarian church, by Rev. J. Bayley, Mr. Samuel Barrow to Miss Martha Bowden.

Feb. 17, at the Stockport Unitarian church, by Rev. J. Bayley, Mr. Samuel P. Leather, engineer, to Miss Hannah Turner, both of Stockport.